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Mrs. Richard Bayler Churchill who married
second William S. Birney, wrote these
journals when she was only eight years
old. Mrs. Birney was born 1847 and died
1915. The book is edited by Mrs. Nicoll.

H. L. S.
Dec. 22, 15



NEW YORK
PRIVATELY PRINTED
1858

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JOURNALS OF
JOSEPHINE YOUNG Birney



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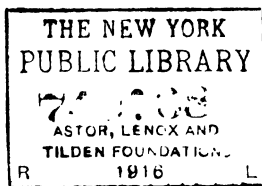
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ROY WOOD
JULY
1916

THE following Journals were kept by my Mother when she was only eight years old. I thought it might interest and please my children to see what a clever and precocious little Grandmother they had. And it is with that end in view that I have had them printed. Nothing has been changed or altered. I have not corrected a mistake in writing or spelling, a wrong construction or an erroneous statement. The little Journals are reproduced exactly as my Mother wrote them sixty long years ago. The name and date in the second Journal are in her Mother's writing; everything else in the book is from her own pen. She was born in October, 1847, and the first Journal begins as follows.

BOY WITH
CLEAN
FRAGRANCE

J. YOUNG

1855 1855

Autumn in Germany

Winter in Italy

Spring in France and Switzerland

Summer in England and Scotland.

VENICE
THE GREEN VAULT
PALACE OF DUCHESS OF BERRY
CH. OF ST MARY OF THE SALUTATION
PALACE TREVES
CATHEDRAL OF ST. MARK
CH. SANTA MARIA FORMOSA
ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS
PADUA
FERRARA
BOLOGNA
CH. SAN PETRONIO
CH. OF ST. DOMINICK
CATHEDRAL OF FLORENCE
PITTI PALACE
LEANING TOWER OF PISA
CATHEDRAL AT PISA
LEGHORN
CASTELLAMARE
SORRENTO
ROYAL PALACE AT CASERTA

*Beautifully written by my dear sister ALICE
YOUNG, at my especial & very earnest request,
Dresden October 30th 1856*

JOSEPHINE YOUNG

October 30th 1855

PRIVATE

JOSEPHINE YOUNG

JOSEPHINE YOUNG

Dresden October 30th 1855

JOSIE YOUNG, 1855

D. D. Dresden

Private

To MISS JOSIE YOUNG

*This book is most
Affectionately dedicated*

By the author

In hope that these

*First few sketches of a short stay in a
foreign land*

Will not be despised by her.

DRESDEN

JAPANESE Gallery of Dresden China. Oct. 30th.
Ugliness of the Soap Stone figures, made in China. Hideous Heads. A pretty figure of a Hen, with a darling little chicken on its back. Funny parrots & monkeys eating grapes. A great quantity of Wolves. Dogs and Foxes. A small shower. I think that I cannot walk home with my new hat, in it. Papa got me a blank book, and I took it out of Bayoud's hands, at the same time requesting Mama to allow me to take it in my own hands, and to let me carry it myself, but when we came out of the Gallery, it was nowhere to be found. Playing with Alice this evening, I snatched a book from her hand, at the same time slamming the door nearly on her ear unknowingly & not wishing to do so, a circumstance that created much regret to both parties. After asking the waiter for a lamp shade, he said that they had none thinking that he had not

understood us, the word was accordingly distinctly and clearly repeated to him, upon which he said, "O yes, we have one, and on coming back, brought a very handsome one composed of Artificial flowers, the leaves forming the shade, and four long pendants of flowers attached to it. Mama, attracted by Alice's saying, "O Mother, what a pretty shade," advanced to the table, and, on remarking that she thought the shade similar to one she had seen in the Prince of Prussia's palace, at Potsdam, Alice always contradictory, said, "O no mother it is not, I am sure it is not, and on every possible occasion, availing herself of Mama's feeble memory, and just for the sake of talk, she will take each similar opportunity and chance however slight, and use it advantageously.

Wednesday
Oct. 31st.
1855

Fête of the Reformation. On getting up this morning, Mélanie remarked that Alice would be very sorry, that the shops were all closed so she would not be able to go out sight-seeing. There is no market on the square, and it does not look half as pretty, and is not, of course, as lively as usual. While sitting at the breakfast table, the hateful thing, the little beast, (in other words Adsey) as usual said, "Josey, dont drink with your mouth full". This makes me very angry, as I am constantly plagued and tormented by it, and I do commence to be

fatigued & tired with its constant repetition regularly every morning at Breakfast. The square begins to be more lively and has more carriages. We shall take a ride into the suburbs and environs of Dresden today, of which I am very glad. I am sure Molly Barnes would like to be here. I think Dresden a very pretty place. We went into the country this morning & saw Moreau's Monument, a few simple clover and field daisies being strewed over it. His legs are here interred, on that spot he was shot by a cannon ball, which went through his knees and separated the legs from the body. This event occurred on a bombardment of Dresden, August 27, 1813.

Rain, However notwithstanding it. Eggs November 1.
not boiled hard, as expected. Very bad. 1855.

The Green Vault. A magnificent sword hilt entirely of Diamonds some elegant and beautiful jewelled caskets, an exquisite piece of Ivory; the fall of Lucifer and the wicked angels, tumbling down over each other their wings breaking off, and the most awfully hideous faces. A wonderful group of 85 figures made out of one piece of Ivory 16 inches high. A carved ostrich egg, with all the world upon it, making a beautiful globe. A magnificent casket of precious stones, Gold enameled a beautiful Basket of Mother of Pearl in imitation of Straw, and enriched with magnificent

and costly precious stones. Amidst the fine collection of Half precious stones, were a beautiful and lovely shaped small dish, made of an agate as clear and transparent as Rock Crystal, and of the most pretty colour I ever saw and another of Jasper, which was not of so beautiful a colour as this but of a far more exquisite shape, and considerably smoother. 5th Room. An exquisite collection of pure Rock Crystal, the most remarkable article in it, both for shape, clarity and design, was a round ball, which occupies a table about half as large as the one in the Dining Room at Home, and the half of which is coloured as the sea generally is on a tolerably fine day and the other is coloured like the earth, on the top of the part representing the sea stands a blue crystal figure of Neptune, with a crown of shells, (beautifully imitated in crystal) around him are dolphins, and behind, on a raised platform stand two sea Lions, fighting, an exquisite part of this work. He is encircled by nymphs Dolphins and sea monsters while on either side of him to branches of Sea Weed stretch out their enormous arms over him & entirely encircle the middle of his body, on the opposite side of the ball representing the earth, a fair maiden is represented as leaning on the leafless trunk of a tree, thoughtfully pausing her hand on her head, around her are many of her children, be-

side her on a throne, sits Nature, encircled by trees, and behind the Earth are a numerous train of Her children, Nature has the earths right hand, and with a look of Inexpressible Horror, (which however does not destroy the beauty of her face) is turned toward Neptune, the sea is represented as flowing in upon a small portion of the Earth, which is silently contemplating the scene of Disaster, with a look of Dread and Hate upon her. Her hand is pressing Nature's, and the imperious queen is represented as having some of the beauty of her expression destroyed in consequence of the Sea flowing in upon her most charming beauty. A few of the children of the Earth are contemplating this changement of her features with a countenance entirely expressive of Deep Regret and Consternation, while 6 or 7 more are tugging at her face, trying to get it into place again.—Picture Gallery. I have left this page unfinished because I shall put off my journal to Venice, as I do not write well enough at present to complete my description of Dresden and the other cities we may visit in Germany. On the next page a full description of Venice will appear, written in a flowing & gushing style from my own pen, describing the churches, palaces & characteristics of the place with as much of fluency as of accuracy & good humour.

ARRIVED AT VENICE

Friday
November
16th. 1855.

BEAUTIFUL Rooms. Good View. Satisfaction by the hotel. Hotel Danieli. It is a very pleasant one, otherwise Hotel Royal *kept* by Danieli. Mr. Danieli is a very nice old gentleman, very respectable & exceedingly polite. He can furnish all necessary information concerning gondolas etc. etc, & can also chat with you very pleasantly indeed, & is always in good humour.

Saturday
November
17th, 1855

A Gondola perfectly lovely. Fine weather. A sail in the Canal Grande. Palace of the Duchess de Berry, a bourbon princess the mother of the Count of Chambord. Church of St. Mary of the Salutation. Palace Trevès, containing a collection of pictures by modern artists. Beyond this is the Palace of Gustiniani a great family of ancient Venice, now a hotel, St. Mary delle Scalzi the pride of the Venetians, for its richness. Doges Palace, Prison. The Bridge of Sighs where the prisoners & criminals are taken to breathe the fresh air connecting the palace with the prison. Cathedral of St. Mark, the patron of Venice. Bought something at a grocers for the pigeons as there are immense quantities of them here. Seeing a single pigeon I threw him a handful of seed upon which immediately they descended in such numbers that I had to turn

round, as they made so much wind with their wings, often alighting on each others backs, I saw one pigeon come down on the head of his companion. A rich altar, under which is said to be buried the body of St. Mark. The altar is supported by four pillars sculptured in Ivory, with twelve bands in each, in each of these bands there are several pigmy pillars, between each of which is a figure, the pillars in each band are open behind so that you can see behind them perfectly well by a candle, these four columns, represent the whole old and new Testaments, they are astonishing, and perfectly exquisite. An altar supported by 4 alabaster columns beautifully transparent—they are perfectly magnificent when a candle is held to them. A real floating omnibus. I think S. Marco is the most magnificent & interesting church we have visited in Europe—Westminster Abbey not excepted.

Took a Gondola & rode to the church of Santa Maria Formosa. A beautiful picture of St. Barbara, by Palma il Vecchio. Academy of fine arts. St. Mark delivering the Venetian slave. By Tintoretto. The adoration of the Magi, by Titian exceedingly rich in colouring. The Assumption of the Virgin, by Titian, an enormous picture at the left end of the principal room exceedingly beautiful. A fine collection of sculpture, occupying two

November
21st.

rooms. An exquisite little horse of Carrara marble, on a raised platform are two enormous Lions, indeed I could hardly believe that they could grow to such a gigantic size until on asking Papa he told me that they did. The largest ones mouth was half open and his teeth looked so formidable that it was a good while before I could summon up courage enough to poke my fingers through them. In particular the paws were immense. After spending as much time as I could looking at them I went down in the first room, and caught sight of an exquisite little marble horse, a perfect beauty, which immediately riveted all my remaining attention, the rest being fixed still upon the two Lions though I could only imperfectly see them. It was of a lovely form, in a spirited attitude and in one that makes a most favorable impression upon you. Turning from this I saw a large statue of a man sitting in a shell, also in marble but having nothing interesting about it, at least to me. I will only mention it. The only other things that I took any sort of interest were a small bust which, (looking directly at from the extreme left side) looked something like Neddy and very much like Nini, and another very much like Harry.

Leave Venice for Padua.

Nov. 22nd.

PADUA

Hotel du Grand Aigle d'or.

From Padua to Ferrara, Hotel des Trois
Maures. Excellent

Nov. 23rd.

From Ferrara to Bologna.

Nov. 24th.

BOLOGNA

HOTEL San Marco.

Satisfaction. A very good dinner.
Bologna Sausage for Breakfast.

Rain—The church of San Petronio.

November
25th.

This church is not by any means as rich as that of the Gli Scalzi at Venice but it abundantly repays its want of magnificence and splendor by the loftiness and grandeur of its architecture, which, when you first enter, presents an extremely imposing aspect. It is of Gothic architecture, which though very quaint, gives a noble grand look to the church. There are two side aisles, and a wide nave between them, separated from them by enormous pillars, which were covered with a red silk cloth, covering them entirely from top to bottom, in consequence of High Mass being celebrated

the next day. There are two altars on the east and west sides of the church, containing four great crosses, which were before placed at the four corners of the city, but as people who knelt before them were in danger of being run over by carriages, they were removed and placed in this church. There is a celebrated meridian on the left side of the church, occupying a long place in it, or a long line exactly marked out, with a little window exactly above the middle of it, and when the sun shines exactly in the middle of it, then you may know it is precisely twelve o'clock. There is a very fine tomb of the Princess Eliza Baciocchi, the sister of Napoleon, of her husband, and 3 of her children. The faces are extremely beautiful, and the wings of angel that was there were exceedingly perfect. "The inside of the church of San Petronio is now undergoing a thorough repair during which some fine frescoes of the 15th century have been discovered under the white wash of the columns of the nave."

Church of St. Dominick celebrated as containing his tomb. He was the founder of the Inquisition. The tomb of San Domenico is a splendid piece of sculpture, by Niccolo di Pisa, a great master. This exquisite example of richness and delicacy is a medium sized sepulchre carved in marble and splendidly decorated with silver ornaments, presenting a rich

and novel aspect, being of a very brilliant white, it looks extremely elegant and brilliant a few feet off. A magnificent angel on the left, with an exquisitely beautiful face adds considerably to the beauty of the left side and is now made to hold a very indifferent candle stick. "Faites le tour, Madame! faites le tour!" exclaimed our valet. "Le trouvez vous beau?" accordingly we "made the tour," and just behind an opening admitted the sight of a very plain tomb or black marble slab, in the plainest and most quaint form, with a long inscription upon it, probably recording his numerous miracles, his numerous virtues, where and in what date he was born, and where and in what age he died, etc. etc. Coming down we observed a very curious exceedingly fat wolf dog. Alice said he was just like a muff with a head and four paws, and so he was. When we went up the next altar a young man who had been showing us about for some time enticed the dog to him and after playing a little with him, placed his two fingers between his teeth and hung him up in the air, upon which the animal set up a frightful yell, that sounded like a wild beast. In appearance he was precisely similar to a wolf. I never saw so curious a thing. It was white & very shaggy. "The Sacristy contains a series of 22 pictures, representing various events in the History of S.

Domenico from his baptism to his death, by Ferrari, Francesco Colonna, and others." So much for the church of San Domenico which I like very much, though not quite as much as San Petronio, as the latter has a peculiar kind of pure Gothic architecture quite peculiar to it, which gives it an air of simple grandeur that I greatly admire, where as San Domenico, though as rich in another respect, is of a rather common kind of architecture

November
25th.
Sunday.

Today is not nearly so bad as yesterday, on the contrary, the sun shines out very brightly, and the air is soft and mild. As I have been very sick for more than two weeks I was not able to go out this morning, for which I was very sorry as I should have liked above all things walking out in such fine weather. Papa has just been out, and likes it very much.

November
26th,
Monday.

Rain, Rain, Rain, Fog, Fog, Fog!

There is the most execrable weather today than there has been for a long time. Damp and foggy, cold and disagreeable, chilly and rainy, it is the most horrible weather that you can possibly conceive. To add to our misfortune the bolt of our window flew away and after careful search was so deeply buried in the mud that it was impossible to discover the slightest trace of it. After considerable difficulty Mama succeeded in fastening it with a piece of twine. Glad enough we were to see

the post house on the hill and it was with great rejoicing that we sat down to a comfortable supper in a nice warm room.

Covigliajo, (pronounced Coviliaio) was the name of the post-house. It was a solitary house on the top of a long hill & the road between that & Bologna is the part of the route from Venice the most infested by brigands.

I am writing this at Florence. Fortunately, today is superb. The air is delicious, the sun shines brightly, and everything looks bright and smiling. At about half past nine this morning a clear, beautiful torrent, as shallow as a brook, appeared in sight. It had a very lovely bed and wound itself round in all sorts of ways, around high precipices and into deep ravines and green meadows studded with flowers. When we stopped for the horses meal we also had a little lunch, consisting of disgusting wine, as sour as vinegar, stale hard cheese, and sour bread of the same delicious flavor. I could not touch this delightful meal, and should have starved if I had not preserved a very tolerable sandwich, which however was so entirely nasty (at least the bread) that I was obliged to throw it away and eat the turkey. Mama determined to take a walk with Papa, she found it so charming that she lengthened a short walk into a regular journey of three miles. After walking a little way she found a beautiful stream

Tuesday
November
27th.

flowing directly out of a rock. As the water looked very clear & pure Mama put her hand to it and drank some, which she found very nice. Our little stream still perseveringly followed her, and she crossed it several times, once on a plank, and once on a neat stone bridge, which however was so rudely constructed as not to take away any of the picturesqueness of the scene, which was extremely beautiful, there being high rocks on the right, a broad road on the left with the brook on one side and thick woods of firs and pines, while before a flat plain stretched out, with a few trees and high mountains closed behind over green fields and woods thickly shading the fields to the distant horizon. When we at last took them into the carriage they had a long story to tell us. After they had been started some time we suddenly came upon a huge rock or mountain. It was extremely wild in appearance and corresponded exactly with its situation, it seemed as though it had been placed there for the grandeur of the scene. Without it nothing could have that bold, striking look that it gave to the landscape. Much did it improve the silent grandeur and richly did it add to the nobleness of the scene. Sharp points of rock would suddenly start out from different points, crags of rock would be placed by the side of some lofty peak and long cliffs

overhung the deep ravines far below. And when at last we passed the splendid gate and drove in the streets of silent FLORENCE I concluded we had had an exquisite drive and determined never to cherish that strong antipathy I had so long conserved toward Vetturino.

FLORENCE

EARLY this morning, I set out with Papa Nov. 28th.
upon a diligent hunt for a ring.

I have been very lazy for some time and have December
not continued my journal. Yesterday, (I mean 5th.
day before) we took a little walk and being a
saints day, I believe St. Andrew, and knowing
that there would be music there we went into
the Duomo or Cathedral. In crossing it I took
a bird's eye view of the church. Tall and
majestic, the walls were extremely bare, with
the exception of the few Madonnas in glass
cases and crucifixes that you met at long in-
tervals. It is of Gothic Architecture. Lofty
and bare, its great pillars stretch up and up
until they at last arrive at the enormous arches
that form the roof of the Church, seeming like
giants stretching out their arms to protect it.
The glass windows with which this church is
so abundantly supplied are extremely brilliant.
Notwithstanding their great number, owing to

the great size of the Cathedral, they do little towards letting in as sufficient light as is required to see to perfection the many works of art which the Duomo possesses. Dark as the interior is, its richness still displays itself, though in my opinion it is not by far as magnificent as either Gli Scalzi or San Marco at Venice. Florence, with her wide, busy streets without trottoirs, her beautiful Arno, fine old bridge and beautiful weather has now become my great favorite. My pleasantest promenade is now round to the Duomo, across the river, and up and down the Lung'Arno. The most ancient part of Florence is certainly not the most agreeable one, but as by good luck we are in the very newest & warmest part we have nothing to fear from narrow, dirty, thronged streets, where the chill wind blows every part of the day, except a little sunbeam may venture to penetrate into the darkness in the very heat of the day. Alice has been for some days very intent upon her Italian Lessons, which she receives from Mr. Aratini. She has proved very successful in her attempts at learning Italian, and seems in a fair way to acquire a very perfect knowledge of it. She is at this moment busily occupied in writing it, and in a few minutes it seems that it will be finished. Mama has found Mr. Aratini a very pleasant man and an excellent teacher, he has agreeable

manners, much information does he possess, & is very civil and obliging, answering every question and explaining everything we talk about. He speaks English remarkably well and is altogether extremely obliging & agreeable. Alice is quite taken up with him. He is now talking and explaining, and I am ashamed to be writing in my journal instead of listening to him, but as the half of this page and the whole of two more are devoted entirely to his compliment & admiration, I think he will have the goodness to excuse me. Whenever I listen to him I become insensibly so intensely interested & fascinated that I cannot take either my eyes or ears off from him till he disappears. And as I always do so with invariable pleasure I do not want to lose such an opportunity to hear him, though he comes every night. You will have to excuse me, so Good Night, I am going to hear a delightful speaker. Good Night!

I have just finished a very tolerable breakfast. There is a slight shower at this moment, but it bids fair that it will stop, and the day proper to go to the Pitti Palace. I am waiting for it to do so quite impatiently. I expect to go to the Pitti Palace with Mama & Papa and Alice. I suppose Mélanie will go, too, however, I am not positive. I took a walk out yesterday with Fanny, and had a very pleasant time.

December
6th.

She was so glad to get out that she jumped round and round her mistress, and as I held her chain I of course had to go round with her.

You will see plenty of mistakes in this and perhaps the following page, as diligent Newspaper reading is as usual having its loud morning exercise by the fire. We expect to go tomorrow to the Palazzo Pitti, the interesting residence of the last of the family of the Medici.

December
17th.

We went this morning to the Pitti Palace, in richness it equals anything I have yet seen, if not surpassing it. I need not attempt to give a good description of it, for it is far beyond my power. However, I will try my best and shall begin by 1st. room. I walked up to the table and having provided myself with a catalogue proceeded to examine a painting at the further end of the room. Subject. Adam & Eve. They were both naked and did not interest me. I turned from it and caught sight of an elegant and enormous vase, composed entirely of gold & enamel. Perceiving an inscription at the base I read it and discovered that it came from Sèvres. The base consisted of an exquisitely carved thick gold wreath of gold acorns and oakleaves. The workmanship was exceedingly delicate & fine. The enamel was exquisitely clear and beautiful. A rich thick gold wreath of thickly

carved gold leaves and different flowers formed part of the top and a massive wreath of grape vines supported by two gold angels encircled the top and formed its chief ornament. After carefully examining it and spending some time in admiring it I left the vase, took up my Catalogue and proceeding to the east side of the room singled out one particular painting, especially to my taste, and commenced looking at it very earnestly & trying to like it. The subject was Moses being lifted out of the Nile in his little rush basket. It was a very narrow long small painting somewhat in this shape.



The figures were very small and distinct. There were some pretty faces in it, particularly the princess, who has a little dog fastened by a chain that she holds in her hand. It is extremely rich in variety of colouring. Several more pictures attracted my notice, but when I came to look at them I saw nothing deserving to be put down in this journal. I passed on to the next room and a beautiful little picture on the opposite side of the room attracted my attention. Looking on the Catalogue I saw the name, St. John sleeping while an infant. Such

a beautiful face I never saw in an infant "Saint." It held a little stick in its half closed hand with a white riband on it containing some Latin words. There was a light around its head and a brilliant cross on his forehead. A loose white drapery covered his legs to his knees and it was kept in its place by two of the fingers of his left hand, loosely holding it. It was really beautiful. There were 2 holy family's by Rubens, an agreeable surprise to me for it is very long since we have seen one by him. Alice directed us to go to the first room & every open door we saw to go into them and we would find "*beaucoup de jolies choses.*" Accordingly, Mélanie and I proceeded into the first room and perceiving an open door at the opposite side of the room we entered it and came into a room rich beyond description. The doors were inlaid with porphyry, jasper and an exquisite purple and white marble. The ceiling of the room was glittering with gold and a carved gold table of exquisite shape with the top composed of country scenes in beautifully clear mosaic stood at the farther end of the room. The walls were frescoed and a rich cabinet inlaid with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, topazes, sardonyxes, sapphires, beautiful cornelian, delicate blue turquoises and lastly elegant mosaic, stood on a similar table in the middle of the room. You can hear, my

dear Molly, the rest of this from my own mouth. All is so beautiful that I cannot find words to describe it.

INTERPOLATION

THE red heart, or good examples. Here are Ann & Mary. Ann is a sober child, attentive and obedient. She has her hair cut short & combed plain. She does not wear collar or sleeves. Here is an example for little girls who fret against their mothers wise resolutions not to let them wear collar or sleeves, to comb their hair plain, & whip them when they do not study their lessons instead of listening patiently & respectfully submitting. Here is Maria Jane Henman. She studies 8 hours regularly every day, & never eats anything but porridge & dry bread. She meditates & prays 5 hours every day. She goes to school every day, not excepting Saturday. Here is an example for little girls who pout when their mother has resolved not to let them have a holiday & to make them pray, meditate & study for the above mentioned time & give them nothing but porridge & bread. Here is Jane Serward. She walks every day, stormy or not, for two hours. She never eats cakes or candy or sweet things of any description never eats

fruit, butter, tea or coffee, & has plain milk or water. She never even eats plain sugar. Here is an example to little girls who cry because their parents firmly refuse them sweets & make them take long walks regularly. John William Torist studies every day from 7 oclock in the morning till 5 in the afternoon & walks an hour every day. An example for boys who fret because they do not wish to take long walks or study much. Maria Ann Graham eats but two meals a day & has no dessert. An example for little girls who scream & cry because their mothers give them no fruit or pie for their dessert.

PISA

December
17th.

MUCH as Papa was disposed to admire everything that fell in his way after leaving Florence, that hateful Florence, my visit to Pisa was not as pleasant as it might have been if I had been in a different disposition, though there were many objects there that excited and gained my curiosity and admiration. But the object that I felt the greatest wonder and respect for, that inspired new feelings of the greatest respect was the celebrated LEANING TOWER of Pisa, which, walking up the steps of the Cathedral I had full leisure to contem-

plate from the best position. It seemed as if it leaned more than I have ever seen it in drawings, prints, pictures or any other kind of representation that have fallen in my way. You have doubtless, my dear Molly, also seen hundreds and thousands of them, and have probably formed quite as many ideas of it, but when you come to the reality, and you feel that it is no longer a mere idea, when it rises up before you in all its majesty, you feel you cannot be mistaken & for many minutes you cannot take your eyes from it—But it leans very much indeed, quite more than I expected. And when you do take a last, lingering look at it and turn reluctantly but to newer beauties in the shape of the Duomo and Baptistery you think, oh, you certainly never expected to come to Pisa, that seemed to me at home like the end of the world, Pisa! Pisa! the place I have the most wished to come to, the most desired to see. Now for the Duomo, thought I as we walked into the church, but a more persevering sight-seer stopped at the threshold in order to deliberately examine the beautiful bronze doors upon which are represented in alto-relievo the entire life of the Virgin. The figures of horses, dogs and several other animals were very perfect and beautifully represented, the feet, the legs, the head, in fact every part was so beautifully and delicately carved. I admired them

especially. But this was but the beginning of the beautiful and striking objects, that met my eyes in every part as I entered the Cathedral and took my place with the others before a picture (with our backs turned to it) in a side position, almost facing the high altar. I turned my eyes to the ceiling, which is divided into squares and profusely gilt producing a glittering appearance. It was exceedingly beautiful. There is one division in the architecture that I think greatly spoils the general effect, which otherwise would be very pleasing. The ceiling is divided into three compartments, unequal, the two side ones being of the same width, and the middle one the largest. The two side divisions run over a gallery, or galleries, supported by arches under which runs a little aisle. Excuse my extacies, but I could not help myself.

ARRIVED AT LEGHORN

December
19th.

WE left Leghorn this morning by steam-boat for Civita Vecchia. Here we are arrived at dirty Naples. Our ship was not peculiarly comfortable, and indeed I could not expect it to be. Frightful and distressing reminiscences of the voyage across the English Channel came up before me adding much to

the condition I was in at half past ten o'clock on Wednesday night, lying in bed almost stifled with wrappers, without the power to turn about, and in the highest degree of seasickness.—

Arrived at Naples we were obliged to wait at least two hours and a half, the police would not permit us to go on shore without a permit. An American gentleman that we met on board just then came up to us and told us that he had just seen the police arrest a gentleman, a nephew of General Caraffa's and take him away. Nobody saw them do it excepting this Mr. Buchanan, who happened to be standing alone in that part of the deck, it was done so quietly, and nobody knew for what it was done. The police are so suspicious, so careful. Truly as Mr. Aratini said, "Everything the police do is right." The king has not the slightest control of their actions, they do everything that they desire.—After waiting until almost ready to die of impatience we were perfectly hauled through an immense crowd and cast into a rickety boat like baggage.—Our first view of Naples, on a very fine day, was beautiful, & as we rattled through the narrow streets, thronged with the dense population of the city, with Italian signs and Italian people on either hand. I thought, Dirty, dirty Naples! How much better I like dear Florence!

Hotel de la Grande Bretagne—NAPLES. I never felt more satisfaction than when putting my feet on dry land. The Chiaja, or principal quay, is very wide & of course dirty, bordered on one side for some distance by the Villa Reale, a beautiful promenade, with statues & fountains gleaming through the thick foliage, which on fine days is thronged with the "beau monde" of Naples. The streets are narrow & dirty, & thronged with the people, who live in the streets constantly.

NAPLES

Saturday
22nd Dec.

CHRISTMAS is fast approaching. Diddle dump! Diddle dump, Diddle dump dump dump!

But what use is there in going off into such transports and extacies? There would be plenty at home, but look at me a great deal more than three thousand miles off. But if I think about my stockings failure it will be the worse, and so I will set my mind upon the contrary—We engaged a carriage this morning, purposing to visit the museum and to do a little shopping at the same time. Accordingly, we set off at half past ten this morning and when we had got into the carriage mamma called Baillou and directed him to go to an

English shop at number 71 Largo dell' Castello—recommended to Ladies by Murray. Goose of a Baillou said, Very well and we started off. After passing along our street for some distance we suddenly turned into the broad street named Largo dell' Castello. Adsey said that it was worth while coming to Naples just to drive around the city. It is impossible to describe it.—Here the carts and donkeys winding slowly about warn the Lemonade and sausage dealer from destruction by a loud yell, here the smoke ascends in volumns from the baskets of pine cones burning before the seat of a Lazzarone. There the carriages wind their way among the ragged audience of Punch, though much inferior to Guignol in the Champs Elysées.—Here you are beset by a beautiful suite of persevering Lazzaroni, there you perceive an old woman striding away as rapidly as her legs will permit with her cart of apples and withered pears from the menacing crack of the drivers whip—There a stall filled with rude wooden animals and rag puppets mounted on donkeys and white sheep with a bell under their neck attracts your notice, and by the screams of the puppets and Punchinello, the yells of the drivers and sausage dealers, and the mournful voice of the Lazzarone taking advantage of the slow movement of the carriage to torment you to the last degree, the

noise, the din, the yells, the screeches, so bewildering and confuse you that you know not where to turn your eyes. After going back and forth and round and round we at last stopped before a large hall filled with soldiers. Baillou came down from his seat. "Ma'am," said he, "he say there's got no seventy one," pointing to the driver. Well, said Mama, this can't be it, and so Baillou, do you know any English shops? After a few minutes talk with the coachman Baillou said that he knew an English shop close by. Well, said Mamma in utter despair, let's go to it, provided it is English. After a drive of sixteen or seventeen minutes we stopped before a filthy entrance at the back of which were several flights of stairs. Well said Papa getting out, I will go up stairs & inquire for a ladies shop. In about ten minutes two figures were seen descending the stairs rapidly and in a few seconds Baillou and Papa rushed to the carriage. Baillou says that he knows two large shops, said Papa, this man could give me no information. So we started off and in half an hour we stopped in a dingy hole or more properly court, filled round with blacksmiths. Alice was much afraid of getting something on her. (A further description of Christmas very full and accurate precedes this account, giving a true account of the incidents of the evening, kindness of our friends, Christ-

mas tree & its adornments, and of the exceeding pleasantness of the whole day, etc. etc.)

Just because there is a fête! How provoking! If the weather would only condescend to be pleasant during it we might do an immense deal!

But would it condescend? That was a difficult question. So, as we have concluded not to visit any churches we drove home.

Christmas! Last night a gentleman at the Table d'Hôte proposed when we got up from table that we should go up stairs and pay a visit to his Christmas tree. We went up there and on our entry a large table was standing in the middle of the room. Upon it was a beautiful orange tree, with little oranges hanging all over it, among which bright lights were plentifully dispersed, producing a very beautiful effect. Among the brightly lit oranges and leaves hung small sugar crowns, upon which were little dots of coloured sugar, they were hanging by coloured narrow satin ribbons. Numerous little sugar figures, such as coffee-pots and tea urns, dancing girls, lyres, harps, swans, doves, etc. etc. were dispersed about the tree. It looked beautifully, & the tree, a young orange, was certainly most appropriate. I received a little sugar chair and rabbit. Mamma & Adsey little crowns and mottoes. A sugar

December
25th.

cross was presented to the gentleman together with some German poetry expressive of extreme ridicule, bearing a consent to the presentation of the cross of the Legion of Honour" to him, signed by several authorities. Accordingly, the cross was tied on to his button hole, with all due state and formality, and a few minutes after this precious order fell on to the floor and in doing so broke on the worthy sirs pantaloons and overcoat, covering them with liqueur and putting an end to his pride and increasing his mortification, not only to the cost (of) honour, but to the ruin of his attire—Some minutes after seeing a large group of figures lying on the table I approached to inspect them, and asking mamma which she would rather have, a lyre, a dancing girl, a duck, a swan, a pigeon, a dove, a coffee pot, a chair, a cross, a cow, or a rabbit, she said they were all so pretty that she did not know which she would choose. Thereupon I declared freely my preference of a lyre and a cow, upon which they were politely presented to me—The time at last came to go to bed, and my head filled with the remembrance of the tree I got into bed and was wholly occupied in thinking how Christmas Eve had passed at home and whether there were any Christmas trees at sister Mattie's until I fell asleep after having exhausted all my thoughts and suppositions on

that point. I found two French books & a garnet necklace clasp on Mammas table.

We spent New Year's in the most agreeable January 6th.
manner that we could wish, as you will presently see. Anybody will perceive that my journal has laid long without having a pen go over its pages, for I have had a bad cold for several days, but notwithstanding I had many hours that I occupied in reading carelessly that might better have been spent in profiting of mama & papa's absence to the museum, (for I was not well enough to go with them) in filling some of the pages of this journal. But a new amusement came in & occupied several hours for me each day, an amusement that on its arrival placed itself in my favor, and completely gained possession of my head and mind. What was this amusement? Simple enough, but it was a novelty, and it gained my favour. It was this, "simply putting a piece of thin paper over any little picture in any book and with a fine lead pencil tracing the outline of any large and plain figure that I chose, then taking the paper off and shading the drawing on it by the eye. I thus copied successfully, one after the other, a fiddler, a woman holding a baby, several fancy figures, such as bird-cages, baskets filled with flowers, flower wreaths, etc. etc. beside plenty of smaller objects, such as crosses in cases, bowls, tubs &

pails, dishes etc etc. With a little pains I thus accomplished nearly 40 figures & fanciful objects in two or three hours, repeating them over & over again as often as it pleased me and sometimes drawing figures in various attitudes, interspersed with the little things I have already mentioned, making a kind of little picture of my own composition. Every morning after breakfast the first thing I did was to sharpen my pencil till the edge was as fine as could be, then I would take a piece of thin paper, and choosing any drawing that suited my capricious taste, I would take the book, sit down on a sofa before a long smooth table, and fixing my paper firmly on the drawing and drawing my hand over it several times to keep it smooth and then I would take the pencil and after a few preliminary strokes bear down the point gently and begin to trace the outline truly and delicately. I take gr̄eat pleasure in such a sensible amusement. But I must return to New Year's day. In order to make you understand it I must go back a few days. On Sunday morning as we were coming out of church, a gentleman whose uniform was partly hidden by a long black cloak came up to Papa & stretching out one of his yellow gloved hands and bowing & taking off his cap gave papa's grey kid gloves a hearty shake. He turned out to be a Lieutenant-Captain Boyd, one of papa's old

acquaintances, belonging to the Steam-frigate Saranac, an American ship-of-war. He was (a) very handsome man, a little sun-burnt, with huge black moustache & hair. He had on tight fitting black pantaloons, a long black cloak, short cap & yellow gloves, & after he had taken mama's arm & arrived at our hotel he threw his cap into his lap, as soon as he got up into our apartment he threw himself into a chair in a rather ungraceful attitude, as you will presently see. His legs were thrown over each other, his right leg thrown over his left knee, his left hand resting on the back top of his chair, playing with the hair on his head, which was thrown back, and his right hand thrown down carelessly on his lap. He invited us to his frigate on New Year's and after telling me that there would be several little girls there, he said he would appoint a young negro to lead us around & show & explain all the guns, etc. We found it extremely pleasant while gliding in a boat along the bay, under the American flag, drawn by American sailors, while every few minutes pleasant breezes would come, and this the first of the year! When we arrived at the frigate, which was lying on the water some distance out, I found but one badly dressed little girl, and the negro ready to attend upon us. We went down into the machinery, which looked queer. Its great big forms, interspersed

with lights, whose pale light threw a feeble radiance over the great black forms that now slept quietly produced a singular effect. The vessel was not going, and hardly stirred, excepting a slight heaving from side to side that constantly took place. After staying a little while in the cabin we went down again & had some wine, little cakes & some very nice "prize sponge cake," according to the Lieutenant H. We walked & danced a little while before we were going a band that had been playing all the time prepared to play a "national air," which turned out to be "Yankee Doodle."

The day on the whole was very pleasant & we concluded that it was the pleasantest if not the most profitable way of spending Christmas abroad and particularly in the beautiful Capitol of the kingdom of the two Sicilies.

Sunday

January 13th.

Am I not lazy? Yesterday we made an excursion to Castellamare & Sorrento, one of the pleasantest days we have spent here. We started from Naples at about 10 minutes past 9 in the morning by railroad, which was along the seaside, the same one we took to Pompeii passing the village of Portici, Torre del Greco & Torre dell'Annunziata to Castellamare. The waves broke high upon the rocks and on the sands as they rolled back they left broad, beautiful sheets of foam. On approaching Castel-

lamare, however, we left the sea, or rather, a broad piece of land came between us & it, taking away the pleasure of watching the surf, which I did in company with Mama, standing at an open window. I then had recourse to the land side watching the villas & vineyards that we passed. Arrived at Castellamare which is a large place, though as most of the places in Italy are, it was rather dirty. We got into a carriage, surrounded as usual by beggars, to which Adsey repeated "Andate, andate," till she was quite tired, and we drove off. I heard some talk on Adsey's part about a boy that had "no business in our carriage," but as I was cross & sleepy I did not inquire where he was & shortly after fell asleep. On waking up, as Mélanie was with us, I sat in the middle, and being rather uncomfortable turned round in my seat, and as it was a common thing to see beggars mounted behind the carriage, I was not surprised to find a boy there; but he was mounted up so high that I thought he must be very bold. I soon found out that he was the boy I had heard so much about. Soon we approached a little white village situated on a mountain, looking very clean & pretty from a distance & which Papa was disposed to think must be clean inside & was loud in its praise but when we passed through it he did not change his opinion while it appeared almost as

dirty as the old part of Naples. Some time after passing it, we came to a very high bridge over a chasm from which we had a very picturesque view. On one side was a ravine covered with Olive trees & from between the hills on the other side we had a beautiful glimpse of the bay. Arrived at Sorrento & passing into the Orange garden of our hotel Mélanie said she would ask the garçon to let us pick an orange. It was concluded that we should take Donkeys & go to the telegraph station on the mountain for a view. As my donkey had to change his saddle I waited with some impatience on the steps of the hotel, which was much increased by seeing all the others mounted in the court. At last he arrived & I was placed in a Spanish saddle & we set off, I leading the way as my donkey had the bell & his ears were ornamented with flowers. Mélanie's donkey was all the time walking into hedges which came near tearing her hat. I never enjoyed a ride so much, not excepting the four minutes ride I used to take up to the gate & back again at Sing-Sing summer before last when Alice & sister Mattie came home from the horse-back rides. After arriving at Sorrento we had the nicest fruit lunch I ever tasted. Coming back on the donkeys we saw quantities of orange gardens, composed of orange & lemon trees. The contrast between

the yellow fruit & green leaves is so great that the orange is my very favorite tree. Very beautiful indeed. After dismounting, Alice Mélanie & myself went into the garden, where we picked 6 or 7 oranges, and 3 of the most tremendous lemons Papa ever saw in his life. They were of the most beautiful shades of yellow I ever saw. We had the most delicious confectioned grapes for lunch that I ever tasted, beside orange marmalade, dried pears, figs & a quantity of other things, besides some "Dutchmans head" & delicious bread & butter so I concluded that the king could not have had a better lunch. We set off in the carriage that we had come in, passed the beautiful bridge & papa's "clean village," and after a long & very pleasant drive along the height overlooking the bay, we arrived at Castellamare, & after waiting 35 minutes in the railway station started off again for Naples, being the only first-class passengers with the exception of an Italian officer that dozed away upon his seat at least half the way. As it was the king's birthday we passed some insignificant illuminations, but after getting into a carriage & passing up the quay we caught a glimpse of the Toledo, which was brilliantly illuminated by rows of lamps. Advancing however, we burst upon the Royal Guardhouse, which was in a perfect blaze, contrasting beautifully with the dark sky over

it. None of the others require any description as they were nothing but a few lamps.—

Today is Sunday, but Mamma & I did not go to church. The morning was fine yet misty, but this afternoon it is remarkably clear, & I can see the distant points of Castellamare & Sorrento. The Villa Reale is unusually gay, the fountains play briskly, the street is thronged with the carriages of the nobility & the sun is shining brightly. It is high in the sky.

8 o'clock.

We have just received a visit from Mrs. Giles, an American lady that dines at the table d'hôte, & her son, they are very agreeable people. They came in here purposing to see Adsey's coral set, which is beautiful. They prolonged their visit for a short time & conversed a good deal. We leave Naples on Wednesday for Rome, by Vetturino, fortunately the one that took us from Padua to Florence has just arrived here & offered to take us on to Rome. I anticipate the journey with great pleasure, & though sorry to leave Naples, I shall be very happy on the voyage. I do not fear the "brigands" & prefer Vetturino to all other modes of travelling. And I think I show very good taste in thinking so, too, though it is not everybody's opinion. Then Baillou offered to guarantee us safe, & preferring land travelling to sea, Papa concluded to go by land, an arrangement that Mélanie greeted with joy, as

she is invariably sick at sea. We have been on 4 seas since we left home. The British Channel, The Atlantic, the Adriatic & the Mediterranean. All of which I very heartily & deeply detest.

Only one day more at beautiful Naples! Mamma has got a very bad cold & as the climate does not agree with her, she is the more anxious to get to Rome.

Monday
14th.

On coming from Leghorn to Naples, we met some Americans on the boat named Mitchell, & it is precisely the same family that we met on the Saranac, & the badly dressed little girl's name is Cora. Miss & Mrs. Mitchell called yesterday, & mama & Adsey are going to the Hotel Crocelli where they live. I suppose the name in Spanish would probably be Hotel Crocellas or something of the kind.

I suppose that we shall meet them at Rome, which I do not regret; as I find a nice playmate in Cora. There is a very ugly, stupid boy in the family, named Colby, that I hardly ever look at. She dances pretty well, but cannot play as well as Kitty or Fanny Tracy. But she does very well in Europe, especially as I am glad to find any one to play with me here. She is also very kind & attentive besides being polite & considerate. Alice concluded not to go out with Mamma to visit Mrs. Mitchell & Papa alone accompanied her. The sun is emerg-

ing from a beautiful cloud that covered it for a few minutes & the street is full of carriages, there are more fashionable equipages at this moment in it than I have seen since we have been here. It is now 4 o'clock. Beautiful horses come down the Villa Reale, which is quite as gay as yesterday. Everything looks cheerful & animated, & myself, indeed, I long to begin a game of ball & to leap around the house & drag the chairs all over, & hesitatingly linger to finish a few lines in my note book. I do not know what it is, but I feel unusually gay & happy this afternoon. Mélanie & Alice are animated & playful & I have just been fighting "a coups de brosse" with Mélanie with two of papa's brushes, & she locked the door on me & I have just finished an attack of fist-pounding upon it, & am now going to recommence it & leap & sing with renewed joy & animation.

Tuesday
15th.

As I am always unusually happy when there is a great bustle in the house, I have been leaping & gambading around the house for the last half hour, for this is "packing up day." Our vetturino driver's name is Fortunato Mancini. I learn from Mamma that Cora Mitchell has a bad fever & all the tribe have bad colds. I cannot as yet fully realize that we leave Naples so soon. All the books are being put away, the trunks and bag's packed, all is in confusion & bustle.—

The trunks have just gone away. I must say a little more in regard to the Mitchells. Cora is eight years old, & there are five boys beside her & a young lady sister. The children all look like scarecrows, especially on board the ship from Leghorn, where they looked as if every old rag had been picked up to keep them warm, & on going from Florence to Leghorn they lost the bag with the children's clothes. They travel without a courier, & rely chiefly upon a French governess that can hardly speak any English & is the most affected, old maidish thing I ever saw. Miss Mitchell has very sweet manners, though I can't say she is pretty, but there is an English woman with them that exceeds in homeliness anything that I have seen in Europe. She almost equals the French woman in affected manners & certainly quite eclipses her in homeliness. These two interesting & beautiful women sat, in coming back to Naples in the small boat from the Saranac on N. Years Day, one next by Cora to the Lieutenant, & the other immediately between Mamma & Alice. Though Cora is homely, I like her very much, in the first place, because she knows how to play very nicely, secondly, because she gives up everything while playing & thirdly because she tells me all kinds of secrets. Lieutenant B. insisted upon having me upon his knees as he seemed to have taken

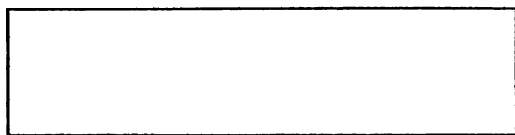
a peculiar fancy for me. When we leave Rome, I shall dread the journey, just think of going by sea from Rome to Civita Vecchia, from thence to Lyons, & then to Marseilles by boat ! For the sake of people that do not wish to take the trouble of looking on the map I will name the places that we stop at on the journey from here to Rome. 1. We go by railway to Capua. By Vetturino from there to Mola di Gaeta, from there to Cisterno, & then to Rome. if no accident occurs to retard our progress. I like very much to look on the map & trace our voyage, from Liverpool as far as I please, & see where we are going from here. From Rome to Civita Vecchia & so on. I am so happy here in Europe. I take great pleasure in tracing this kind of exercise. For the sake of people that care about knowing my opinions. I will give a list of the cities & villages in which we have been in, & how I like them. I should perhaps not like Liverpool if it were not for Mr. W. and Mrs. G. W. But we had very pleasant rooms, on a square, though it rained the greatest part of the week we spent there. As for Birmingham, I have not very pleasant recollections of it except that I got a box of beads there which I took great pleasure in stringing afterwards. Then London is the most execrable gloomy place I think I was ever in. Havre was a very pleasant place & I

am perfectly enamoured with it. I like Brussels very well but I hate Cologne above all the German cities we have been to. I had a view of the quay of Mayence from the boat, & it certainly is the equal of Cologne but I am perfectly in love with Coblenz. & like Frankfort-on-Maine, & as for Guntershausen & Berlin I enjoyed myself very much in them, particularly the latter. I love Dresden & admire Prague & Vienna very much, particularly the latter, which is a very beautiful and interesting city. Laibach did well enough, though seeing it in a very stormy day, where sleet, hail, rain & snow were fighting together to gain the victory of the day. I cannot well describe Adelsberg, seen under the same auspices. I do not see how people can live there a week. I am sure that I did not eat a single thing there & I almost starved. Trieste is a good-looking city & we were very comfortable. But I never loved a city as much as Venice, each object had a gloomy interest. It is a veritable "city of palaces." In each canal each house is or has been a palace. I regret I have not described Venice more fully. I did not think of it at the time. Padua, Ferrara, & Bologna, I like equally; but I love Florence as much as Venice. Pisa & Leghorn I do not like, but I like Naples. Naples, dirty beautiful city. I like you now, I really, positively love you, love you very much

indeed, though I almost really detested you the first time I entered your gates, though dirty, you are Italian & really beautiful.

Friday.
Rome
January 18th.

We started from Naples, on the 16th, Wednesday. We started in the cars from Naples to Capua, and among the other villages that we passed on our tedious journey there we stopped some time at the city of Caserta, which gives its name to the Royal Palace near it, the queens favorite palace, in which she resides in preference to that of Naples. It has a magnificent court, round which it is built, in an unequal sided square, being in this shape :



The facade (at least the back part, round the court, as we saw it from the railway,) was very beautiful indeed. We went ten miles an hour, such a tedious journey & Baillou said that he thought if we went on at that rate we should never get there. But after an everlasting time we at last arrived at Capua, & after tramping through the mud, (for it had hailed & rained furiously all night), we got into our Vetturino, looking very brave & clean, as if it had been washed, varnished & thoroughly cleaned since we used it & we set off rapidly,

quite a pleasure after the long journey in the cars, & after a few minutes we arrived at a long hill, two horses were added to the 4 that dragged us so swiftly. Papa & Baillou got down & we set off on an "uphill" journey. We kept the 2 additional horses on for a long time, but near 1 o'clock we arrived at Sant'Agata, a dirty little village, with a very tolerable, half clean "Hotel" if by such a high name the dirty little inn in which we got a little lunch may be called. The lunch consisted of sour oranges, sour black bread or as mamma calls it, "vinegar bread," rather, in fact very detestable, nice little Italian lady apples & rather nice figs, some of which however, tasted of ham & some greasy. We also had raw cheese & bad butter. We soon left & after a drive of 4 or 5 hours, we arrived at Mola di Gaeta, which papa could not pronounce exactly well, & I therefore suggested the easiness of his calling it hence-forth "Molly Gatty" a thing suggested by a propensity belonging very especially to papa, namely that of pronouncing i or y in a name or word a & calling a, i or y. It is also very difficult for him to pronounce an Italian or French name properly & he often mistakes letters in the bills & wine cartes of the Hotels. As an example of a & i & y, he cannot pronounce "Galignani," sounding the i well, but either calls it "Galuinana," or "Galinana." This

peculiar pronunciation belongs especially to himself, as he is unfamiliar with French. We had a nice clean hotel, & a good supper. The moon shone high, clear & melancholy down upon the unruffled waters of the bay, gilding them with her silver beams, & the night air was soft & cool. I thought of the bay of Naples, beautiful city! I wished I could live there, & I thought if the moon shone as beautifully calm & if the water was as smooth & gilded by its beam's there as in this bay. Then I recalled, the Chiaja, the Villa Reale, the beautiful bay, Capri, Sorrento, Castellamare, Mrs. Giles & her son, the foam, the beautiful moonlight we used to have there, our rooms, the bag-pipers, the crowded Toledo on the illuminated night & everything connected with it. Our Hotel was the Hotel d'Europe & I went to bed with my head full of recollections of Naples. I gazed long on the moonlight that night, standing by the window. Coming down to Capua, Vesuvius suddenly burst upon our view in all its majesty, & I bid it good-bye with several regrets. Its presence reminded me of Pompeii. I thought of Nydia and Glaucus & Ione & Claudius, & Sallust & Diomed & Julia, & the gloomy Arbaces & the moonlight in the lonely grove of Cybele, where Arbaces murdered Apaecides & how he blamed Glaucus, & that reminded me of his dark interview with the

Saga of Vesuvius, & how Nydia administered the fatal potion & then I thought of the beautiful Ione & Apaecides funeral. But that recalled me the arena & the lions & the beautiful Greek & how Nydia saved him, & I imagined that I saw Sallust bursting upon the benches & Calenus, & how he proclaimed the murder by Arbaces, when suddenly the volcano burst forth & overwhelmed them, & Arbaces was killed in the confusion. We left M. di Gaeta the next morning, & lunched at Terracina. But shortly after leaving Mola we entered upon the celebrated PONTINE MARSHES & I got sick of them when we arrived at Cisterna for the night. There are such thick forests there that there are wild boars & buffaloes in them. The Buffaloes are very fierce animals, with curved horns, like a goat, with a lowering aspect & very bad small eye. Their eye is very very bad, dull, dark & very very lowering. We took a tolerable dinner at Terracina, which is a sea-port, & they were pulling in a net full of fish on the beach. We left Terracina, passed the Pontine Marshes & slept at Cisterna, from where we started this morning passing Genzano & Albano & a village celebrated for its fine women, on the other days we passed a village famous for having furnished some of the greatest & most redouted brigands, & Fondi & Itri besides a quantity of solitary

houses & villages. We took a very nice lunch this afternoon at Albano. Among the other things were some very nice cooked apples & roasted "marrons." One of the horses got sick, & had to lie down. It was supposed that they had given him bad oats at one of our lunching places, but it was not proved yet that he could not go on, they were going to give him some oats, if he refused to eat he was unable to go on, if not he could. Mélanie and I went down to see if he would have to stay and Baillou told us that he had declined eating & 3 horses would have to suffice. We went on, & soon arrived on the desolate CAMPAGNA of Rome, on which are profusely distributed the remains of aqueducts, ruins of temples & tombs, altars & all sorts of ruins. We entered Rome by the magnificent Porta San Giovanni & passed St. John Lateran & the celebrated COLISEUM. It is a magnificent ruin but as we merely had a "coup d'œil" of it I will wait till we can make it a visit and more thoroughly examine it before making any further description. A few minutes after we passed the celebrated FORUM OF TRAJAN, and the great COLUMN OF TRAJAN. Ancient Rome is a perfect mass of ruins, & is quite a contrast to Naples, merry, noisy Naples. It was raining, & even the new part looked gloomy, nobody was in the streets & at Naples the streets are a

veritable house for the gay Neapolitans. We threaded the streets & at last arrived at the Hotel de Londres, or Maison Serny. And we have just now finished supper. I do not wonder that Glaucus hated Rome in the Last Days of Pompeii, & that he exclaims several times, "Ah! dull Rome! every one that was truly great was of Greece." And here I sit writing, hating this gloomy, gloomy city more than ever. But I suppose I shall like it by & by. And by the by it is very interesting.

It is rainy & muddy today, but I think it will soon clear off. Rome does not look so dull, & M. & papa & Adsey are amusing themselves by looking out of the window & watching the people going up & down the square. Contrary to Papa's expectations Baillou has just been declaring that he thought that it would not clear up.

Saturday
19th.

The Sun is coming out, contrary to Baillou's expectations. St. Peter's bells are ringing loudly. Donkeys here are not as numerous as in Naples, where they are more requisite than horses, though you meet them & see them frequently. This old city was once the capitol of the world, and its departed magnificence only shows itself in the marble facings & pillars of its ruins. There is a Coliseum restored in the London Exhibition, that is perfectly magnificent. But its marble, its gold, and a great part

Twelve
o'clock.

of its beauty are irretrievably lost. There is no hope of getting them back. They are lost, LOST. No one can find them. No one can bring it back. Though they may make models of it restored, they can never restore the original. This great, great amphitheatre is decaying, soon it will be nothing but heaps of stone. On the night when we ascended, the moon struck her silvery beams through the arches of this monument of the lost. Its beams fell over the desolate Campagna. What a spot! How many recollections did it arise! The columns of the Roman Forum are fallen, some half in ruins. The ruins of the temples are crumbling away, but there is one thing one single mighty building of ages immemorial, one that will last for ever, almost, one that has seen the changes from Paganism to Christian worship, one great, great temple the PANTHEON. This beautiful structure contains something that draws every one to it irresistibly, the tomb of RAPHAEL. as I have described this in my next book & fully expressed my thoughts I will not say anything more about Raphael. And now to the temple of Vesta. This beautiful little ruin is very near the Coliseum, I love it, it is so neat & trim, but alas! on entering you see nothing but a dark & dirty hole. The wood covering once faced with marble, makes it look ragged, and the only traces of its ancient mag-

nificence remain only in the shattered pillars & delicately & richly worked Capitals & bases. It is small & round with pillars of marble all around it sustaining a canopy once faced with marble forming the roof. This is my pet ruin. Now to the piazza Colonna & Column of Antoninus Pius, which can hardly be called a ruin. The piazza Colonna is in Modern Rome. It is large clean & cheerful, & the post office, a handsome marble building surrounds it on one side, & the immense Palazzo Colonna on the three others. Modern Rome is built upon the ancient CAMPUS MARTIUS, now the Campo Martio. The streets are narrow with lofty & handsome houses on each side, a good deal like the streets of Florence. The Corso, the principal street is for the most part narrow & there are but few open spaces. The streets are clean compared to those of Naples, though I believe they are considered very dirty. Beggars are numerous, squares frequent, and fountains innumerable. Rome is a pleasant city for the winter though the weather is generally cold & clear.

Grand Hotel Royal de l'Aigle d'or.
Carnival at Rome 1855.

DEPARTURE FROM PARIS¹

GENEVA

Monday
April 21st.
1856

HERE we are arrived at Geneva, beautiful Geneva! The day we left Paris all was in confusion & bustle. At last, with many thanks, we parted from that odious Hotel du Rhin, & drove off to the Railway Station, which was very far off. The Tuileries were charming, and filled with children. I said goodbye to Paris and we set off. After a tedious drive we arrived at Tonnerre, a little town near Dijon, where we stopped & took a few cakes. At Dijon we took diligence. Continued on in the railway, till we arrived at Dole, about 1 hour's ride distant from Dijon. Thereupon, after a very nice dinner, we started off in the diligence. The night was glorious. The moon full & beautiful, & the stars splendid. We rode all night & all the next day till about 5 o'clock in the afternoon when we arrived at Geneva. We stopped at those disgusting Mesageries Impériales, & soon afterwards walked

[¹ The diary, kept in Paris from February 23 to April 21, is missing.]

to the Hotel de l'Ecu, where we now are. I enjoyed the whole journey from Paris very much. To our surprise we found Mr. & Mrs. Stone here. They intend to go away on Thursday if little Minnie (who has not been very well for some days) is well enough. Minnie is 4 years old & a little darling. She is a beautiful child. The only time I ever saw her before was at Rome when we went to pass the evening there, when she was fast asleep. Last Saturday we went out in a carriage to Ferney, Divonne, & Coppet. At Ferney we saw Voltaire's house. The grounds are beautiful & the Château very interesting. Two rooms are now preserved almost in the same state as when he died. They are a parlour & his bedroom, close to each other, & are the only ones shewn to visitors. In the parlour is a monument to him with this inscription "Son esprit est partout, et son cœur est ici." In his bedroom are portraits of Catherine of Russia, Madame de Châtelet, & several others of his friends, besides a beautiful little picture of his favorite negro boy, the only one he had. His bed has been nearly reduced to nothing by the depredations of the visitors before, but is still very interesting. In the garden is an arbour in which he used to walk, & study, & compose. I picked up a quantity of pretty stones there, which I washed and dried yesterday with great

ceremony—At Coppet we visited the château of Madame de Staël which is exceedingly interesting.

Tuesday
22nd.

Mama & the rest left this morning for Chamounix, leaving me all alone here with Mélanie, as it is too cold for me up there, & it is so early in the season that no mules can be found.

Wednesday
23rd.

The day, I think, will be lovely. There are at this minute three swans on the lake, here comes a fourth. Yesterday afternoon Mr. Stone came in & asked me if I should like to go to Dr. Monod's place in the country to play with Minnie. I did, & enjoyed myself very much I caught Mr. Stone in a phillippine yesterday afternoon, as he was reading this book. Minnie Stone is 4 years old. She has long golden hair & a beautiful face. She is a little darling.

Geneva is a beautiful place & I like it much better than Paris. The Ile Rousseau, half way over the bridge, is a very pretty place & very pleasant. It is reached by a very pretty little bridge going from the large one on to it. It is a small island on an elevated piece of ground in the centre of the lake, & is something like the Tuileries as a resort for children, though I have not yet been there. The sky is lovely, & I think we shall have fair weather. Breakfast is ready. So good bye.

The Stones have just started in steamboat to Vevay. It is yet in sight. Mr. Stone is holding up little Minnie & waving his handkerchief—. Good bye!

Thursday
24th.

How sad that word sounds in connection with dear friends! Minnie Stone, lovely child, good bye. Good bye! Emma & Josey Stone are there. The latter is a very handsome boy, & Emma is sweet, & looks very much like Mrs. Stone. Mr. Stone is the handsomest, the noblest, and the kindest man I have ever seen—Yesterday morning I went up and played 2 hours with Minnie; & then took dinner with her, after which we played 1 hour together down in our parlour. I then went up again & stayed till 7 o'clock when I took supper. This morning, when I came up from breakfast, I saw Mr. Stone beckoning to me from his parlour door. I then ran up there, & Mr. Stone took me into the bedroom where Minnie was getting dressed. After which I went down stairs with the rest, & took leave of them at our story. Mr Stone kissed me, & said he hoped we should meet at Vevay. Little Minnie also nearly knocked me over in kissing me, after which I came into our parlour, & opening the window ran out upon the balcony in full sight of the steamer. Mrs. Stone & Emma were standing up in the centre, while Mr. Stone & Josey stood some distance of from

them in a direct line & Minnie & the nurse were sitting down opposite to Mrs. Stone & Emma. As soon as Mr. Stone saw me, he waved his handkerchief & then told Minnie. He then took her up in his arms, & she waved her handkerchief & sent me several kisses—after which Mr. Stone kept alternately waving & kissing till the boat began to move. When he set down Minnie gave another wave, turned around, & the boat was out of sight.

3 o'clock

Cousin Henry Smith has just arrived. He has changed so! I did not know him at all. Mélanie came into my room as I was lacing my boots & said there was a lady in the parlour who desired to see me. Making a keen guess at it, I immediately replied as I tucked in the last lace, & rose from my seat, "It is no lady, it is Cousin Henry Smith." "How do you know?" inquired Mélanie. "I say there is a lady there that wants to see you." "It is no lady," I repeated firmly, & advancing into the parlour, kissed him—

Saturday
26th.

My Diamond Ring—

Today my diamond ring is coming along from A. Golay Leresche's a very nice & obliging jeweller on the opposite quay, the Quai des Bergues, right opposite to the Hôtel des Bergues. We are going to Vevay on Thursday.

Sunday
27th.

April!

You will soon be over

My diamond ring has come home It is a beautiful little thing, being about the size of a small pea, in a lovely setting. I have it on now. The diamond is of this shape O, but beautifully cut & set. I forgot to put it on yesterday for dinner. It is a darling, & a dear, dear darling too. It was promised to me some five months ago, at Florence, & I realized & put the promise into execution the second day we were here.

VEVAY

YESTERDAY morning we left Geneva for May 4th.
1856
Vevay, at half past 7 o'clock, in a small yet comfortable little steamer—The wind, as you may well suppose, was bitter cold, accordingly I put on my warmest cloak, my red hat, blue veil, old kid gloves, and thickest dress, &, with the addition of a silk scarf & second veil around my neck, & by dint of keeping under the shelter of trunks & wrapping myself up & covering me with shawls, I managed to keep pretty warm during the whole voyage, which only lasted four or five hours. Whenever my feet were cold, I descended into the Cabin. Accordingly, when sitting on the shawls beside mama, leaning on the trunks & well wrapped

up, with a book in my hand, I suddenly closed it & said to her "Mama, my feet are cold." "Very well, my pet" she replied "go down into the Cabin—I will follow you presently." Thereupon I walked along the deck some distance, & entering a glass door, descended a flight of about 12 steps, when I opened a small white door & found myself in a large, long, warm room, with rows of stools, tables, sofas and chairs all along towards the end where, on a slightly raised platform was a small oval space, surrounded by velvet sofas, & having a large space at the back strewed over with books for the amusement of passengers. I took one of these & descending from the platform kneeled down before a sofa, & after taking off my neck veil began to read. Soon, my feet being warm & my story spun out, (as well even as from A SECRET INCLINATION TO SEA-SICKNESS!!!) I resolved to go upstairs, then taking my book, I ran up as quickly as I could. & sat down to watch the foam On my exit from that Hades below, I ran up to Mélanie whom I found in a great grey shawl, & held out my veil to her, upon which she positively affirmed it was just what she needed. At about an hour's distance from Vevay, I descended into the Cabin, replaced my book & took up a huge "Magazin Pittoresque" & began to look over it. Time passed & soon Macy & papa came

rushing down at full speed & threw open the Cabin door the trunks, sacks & bags flew up on their arms & with a hasty "Vevay! come, make haste—Nothing lost, I hope? All right?" addressed to Mama. I nervously suggested that my glove being lost, it would require some time to find it, which remark put papa into such an agitation that he could not take the bags upstairs! Well, after all this muss & fuss, & hurry & flurry, I must disprove those words about the custom-house:

"They take your life
And take your wife
They take your health
And rob your wealth
With petty bickerings—
They take your hats
And take your caps"

O horrors, what a finale! I mean to old ladies. The day before we left Geneva, Mr. & Mrs Stone came up on the steamer from Vevay, & Josey—we had quite a pleasant time with them. If it does not rain we intend to go to Chardon this afternoon where Minnie & Emma Stone are staying. Mr. & Mrs. Stone together with Mrs & Miss Haughwout, some of their friends, have gone to Paris, leaving Minnie for three or four weeks at the longest. As Mrs Stone was conversing with mama she said "Dear

little Minnie, I have only left her once before & that was for a day and oh! I feel as if my heart was almost broken!" She loves Minnie so much! And no wonder, for she is a lovely child, & so perfectly innocent! I, too, call her "dear little Minnie" and love her dearly.

As I was sitting at dinner the waiter suddenly rushed into the room & hastily said to me, "*La femme de Chambre désire voir Mademoiselle*" upon which I ran to the door & learned that Emma & Josie Stone were upstairs in the parlour. They thought we dined at 5, though we dined at 3 o'clock in consequence of a grand dinner on the opening of a railroad between Switzerland & Italy, & had come all the way from Chardon, 1 hour & a half's walk. It was a horrible, horrible, horrible shame. Josey said Minnie would feel dreadfully if she did not see me so I promised to come tomorrow & see her, & sent my love & 3 kisses. Little Darling! Mr. Stone calls Minnie and me "dear little bird" in that kind voice of his—Dear Mr. Stone!

O Vevay! lovely place—We have a parlour, 3 double bedded rooms & two single ones; the parlour, No. 1, is a large & pleasant room, overlooking a small yet rich terrace, just beside Lake Lemman, whose blue waters spread out

from the windows in all their majesty. Opposite to us, on one side, are magnificent mountains the Alps, all covered with snow & going up into fine, sharp black points, half covered with snow. There are 3 windows to the room. Two sofas covered over with chintz. One red velvet sofa. Waxed floor. One large breakfast table. 1 *ecritoire* 1 writing table, covered with flowered oil cloth & in the side window, containing two candles, an inkstand 1 map, 4 books & a pair of scissors 4 chairs, covered with *damas de laine*. 2 armchairs, to correspond One large old fashioned red velvet armchair, with two round things projecting out at each side. 1 small table, before the chintz sofas, containing a "trick track" board, 3 books, a portfolio, & a piece of worsted work. A very small table before the red velvet sofa containing 3 books. A wood box in one of the front windows. A black marble mantlepiece, with a brisk fire, large mirror, & bronze clock, containing 2 large shells, two small china & gilt vases, two books, 1 workbox & a handkerchief; one small table beside the *écritoire*, in a corner, containing 3 books, a map & a piece of paper. No. 2.

Papa, Macy, & Cousin Henry went off this morning at 7 o'clock to Neuchâtel & Berne They expect to return in about a week, though

Vevay,
May 5th.

Macy returns Wednesday or Thursday, & I have just finished a long game of checkers with Mama whom I beat twice. As I understand from Joe, Minnie, Emma & Joe Stone are going up in the same boat as papa to Geneva to see Dr. Monon for Minnie's poor little eyes. I go to see her tomorrow Alice and Macy went out on foot yesterday afternoon to Chardon. Alice says Minnie has a little black kitten about six inches long, perfectly black, & such a lively, cunning little kitten she says she never saw. Chardon is up among the mountains & is very cold but the house is extremely warm quite warm enough for Minnie who wears little low necked short sleeved white dresses—with coloured ribbons. In the morning she wears a little white dress with blue ribbons—in the evening a pretty piqué with roman scarfs. Darling Minnie! I shall be very glad to see those great blue eyes & long flaxen curls streaming over that dear little neck once more. When Alice asked Minnie if she would like to come & see me she replied "Why dont her come see Minnie?" Accordingly, as Mrs. Stone had expressly charged the nurse not to let Minnie go out anywhere except on particular occasions, she felt unwilling to expose Minnie's eyes & so I shall go to see her tomorrow instead of her coming to see me.

Geneva! dear Geneva! I shall never see you again. It seems so strange that within five hours distance from it we should never go there again. Last night Cousin Henry set off on a walk to Chillon, & when he came home said it was "a pretty good piece of walking"—wiping his forehead, and opening the window. Four hours walk to go & come back! Three hours ride! Which choose? When there are no carriages to be had except charging extra "Four hours walk!" says one ear. "You will be dead". Take a carriage. What about the expense?" "But the expense, the expense, think of two francs extra!" says the other ear. This is probably the only time you can see Chillon. You know you are going away to-morrow. Come, a carriage, a carriage. "Shall I call one?" For pity's sake, walk" says the other ear. "Peace" says Cousin Henry, "I'll walk." This said out he goes and here he is back.

I went to-day to see Minnie Stone, & enjoyed myself very much. Tuesday, 6th.

Yesterday we went to Chillon After about two hours' ride we got down before the Castle & walked into the court, where we found an officer who rang a door-bell, upon which a man came, a nice old thing, & inquired if we wished to see the Castle, upon which we assented, & he led us down a pair of stairs, & taking a Tuesday, 13th.

bunch of keys from his girdle, he unlocked a huge iron door, & we entered a crypt, or subterranean chapel, which was the chapel of the family of the Duke of Savoy. "Voici," began the guide, "Voici le premier souterrain du Chateau. Autrement dit, la Chapelle Souterraine de la famille du Duc de Savoie. En haut je vous montrerai la Chapelle particulière du Duc." After this we entered a low cell, on which, on a raised stone platform, was a slanting mass of stone, perfectly smooth, on which the criminal condemned to death slept the night before his execution. After which he was taken into an adjoining place, black as night, & in which, high up in the air, I could faintly discern a beam, black with age, where the said criminals were hung. Beside this we entered a large vault—with seven pillars in the center to the fifth of which Bonivard was chained for six years, having no farther walk than four paces, about half way round the column & which place was worn by such constant treading for so long a period. The room exactly corresponded with Lord Byron's beautiful description of it in the "Prisoner of Chillon"—

"In Chillon's dungeons deep and old
There are seven columns massy and grey
Dim with a dull, imprison'd ray—"

The third pillar is covered with names, cut into

the rock from top to bottom. Among these I noticed Byron, & Fenimore Cooper, & Hills. Bonnivard's prison is spacious, & rather light compared to the other rooms, but he, poor man, had not much space to walk in, chained down as he was to the pillar. Next, after visiting the stables of artillery, (for the Castle is now an arsenal) we entered a spacious, airy room in the centre of which was a pillar of wood, full of holes, & with two great iron weights suspended at the top. "That," said the guide, firmly approaching his foot to it, "that is the RACK. The victim of the torture was suspended by ropes to the iron weights, if he refused to confess, & if he refused still further, a red hot iron was applied to his feet. The stains and holes in the wood were where the iron had touched. After this, we entered a low dark cell, in one corner of which was a square wood railing, enclosing a black space. "That" said the guide, still more firmly That is the oubliette. When they wanted to make away with a man, they shut him up for some time in this cell. (Observe that there are three steps in that hole) Then, suddenly, some people would come up, pretend to be interested in him, & devise a plan for his escape. Then they lifted off the cover of this pit, & showing the prisoner the three steps would tell him to go down there to escape. Having passed the three

steps, the unfortunate prisoner thinking to find the fourth, would put his foot down, & splash! go right into the lake, eighteen hundred feet deep just there. Unhappy were the leaders of the Reformation, (of which Bonnivard was one), when in the walls of Chillon! Down into a vault they go, for some months, up into the Chamber of justice, tried, condemned, brought into the cell, slept on the stone bed, taken to the rack, tortured, brought back, & hung on the gibbet, in that fearful darkness, hung on that horrid beam! Happy the Duke & Duchess of Savoy, reading in their rich reception room, while perhaps under their very feet were the groans of a criminal in the agonies of the torture. What a fearful, yet most thrilling interest there is in these relics of the dark ages! Who can tell what pangs of interest, fearful, yet deep, what thrilling horror crossed me as I beheld, right in the dark air, that horrid beam—as I beheld those fearful oubliettes, as I examined the rack, where so many noble hearts were wrung—so many good men perished? Who can tell the deep interest, freed from horror, and the universal sympathy I felt in gazing at Bonnivard's pillar at that heartless stone worn out by his constant tread? Who can tell, who can describe the unutterable feelings of grief, horror, interest & sympathy, so curiously, so strangely mixed up, which I felt as I crossed

the threshold of Chillon for the last time? Oh, why have so many noble hearts, so many good things, perished in these dark cells by the torture & by the gibbet? Why has such horrid deceit, such torturing cruelty, such unrelenting heartlessness, been practiced upon the innocent & noble prisoners of Chillon?

BERNE

WE left Vevay early yesterday morning Thursday
15th.
in a miserable post-carriage. The post master at Vevay, as M. Monnet informed us, is a perfect rascal, which I verily believe he was, for the day being somewhat rainy, the drops came in, even with closed windows, & wet the carriage all through. However, after about three hours we arrived at Bulle, or Buhle, & entered an excellent inn. The name being German, I do not remember it. All I know is, that after seeing a spacious dining room, we trudged upstairs & entered a large & airy bedroom, superbly furnished & after this we entered the dining room to eat a delicious lunch, composed of bread and butter, Yvonne and Gruyère cheese for which Bulle is celebrated. After this, having changed carriage, & obtained an exceedingly comfortable six seat vehicle, we started off towards Fribourg, or Freyburg. I

forgot to mention that we passed Chardonne, but Minnie did not see us. Well, about two hours after, we entered Fribourg & drove up to another excellent German inn & had the nicest little dinner possible. I took away an apple, & we again changed carriage, for a still larger, & much easier carriage I settled between Macy & Adsey—& after fidgetting some time was at last seated comfortably by Macy, who had his arm passed round me & my head on his shoulder. Thereupon, being quite comfortable, I soon fell asleep, & was only awakened, two hours after, by the sound of the carriage wheels rattling through the covered streets of Berne I was awakened from my slumbers, & my dreams, from Macy's voice calling to me, to "Get up, this was Berne" & a confused rattle of many voices, intermixed with the loud neighs & terrific noises of the horses, as they shook their bells with content. But I was still too much asleep to be awakened so easily, & I fell into a doze Thereupon, I heard papa saying "She is not awake, lift her out & let her sleep." Upon this I felt myself lifted out & carried up a pair of stairs, then several voices talking about rooms, then my hat was taken off & I was laid down gently upon a sofa. I then recollected feeling the warmth of a fire upon my back, but I then fell asleep. How long I slept I do not recollect,

but I remember that I at last awoke & looked around I perceived papa & mama standing before the fire— Alice was standing by the table, & I heard Macy's voice in the entry I rose, & slipped into the next room. Then I repaired, as well as I could, the deficiencies of my toilette. I then went into the parlour, & sat down to supper. I think it was nearly midnight when I retired however, I had a refreshing & unbroken sleep, & awoke this morning as well as possible.

We leave tonight at 7 o'clock in the Diligence for Basle Unfortunately we have three seats in the interieur & the Coupé. We shall arrange thus—J. Josey. H. papa. A. Mama A. Y. Adsey, M. Macy M. E. Melanie.

M. E. M. & A. Y. in the interior corner windows, back seats. J. H. & A. in the Coupé. 2 windows always open. This is the best arrangement we can make That is very true. I only hope we shall not have Germans with us in the interior—as they will be sure to smoke & have the windows shut. I suspect that we shall have to do in the following manner: "Captain Curtis, of Boston, one night being in the cars going from Berne to Basle alone with some Germans found himself in a ludicrous position. The car was filled with smoke & the windows were tightly shut. With the utmost politeness, a German, after his having en-

deavored to shut the window, requested him to shut it. The Captain, with the same degree of politeness, refused. The German then shut it. The Captain opened it. It was again shut. This was repeated four or five times. At last the Captain, becoming exasperated, said to the German: "Sir, I am now sick. I shall soon faint. I wish the window open. Now, if you refuse this fourth time, I shall open it—and hold it open, also." The German refused, & Captain Curtis, having reached the last degree of indignation & becoming excessively exasperated, began to show signs of excessive indignation. But he calmed himself: that calm, proud eye—those firm, yet noble features, that decided expression, so familiar to his face, at once returned—& getting (up) he thrust his elbow through the glass, & sitting down again, said to the astounded German, "you can no longer keep it shut. I am at last breathing—" A slight sneer passed over those noble features, then a softened expression returned, & he said, in a calm, low tone, "I am very sorry indeed, sir, to have been forced to do a thing that my nature revolted against, & that pains you, but as you positively refused to open the window I was forced to do a thing which of my own accord I should never have done. He bowed. But the frank German would not be formal, he extended his hand, & giving the captain's

a hearty shake, observed, smiling roughly, "with all my heart—let us be good friends"—and producing a bottle of excellent wine, he observed "I drink to our better acquaintance" And the captain afterwards declared that the German proved the pleasantest travelling companion he had ever had. It is almost needless to add, that the German put by his pipe." Mama

BÂLE

HERE we are again beside my own dear Rhine. Friday
May 16th.

"Rhine! spread out thy majestic golden waters, so broad in their compass, so beautiful in their fury!"
Cowper.

The river, washed by the rain & upwards of 50 mountain torrents descending impetuously into it, is swollen considerably. The water is now coffee colour. This is the best description I can make of the view. "The coffee coloured Rhine, its impetuous, or rather raging torrent bearing away huge pieces of timber & cork; the waters raging furiously, & crossed by the bridge filled with people—spread out before us in all its majesty. The current is deep & strong, & beyond the river is enclosed by a sort of amphitheatre of green banks—studded over

with country-seats, white houses & villas—the sky is of a peculiar misty grey, but far off there are deep black clouds, surmounting mixed white & grey horizon. Farther on, still to the left, they deepen very much. The quay, wet and washed by the current, stretches beyond the window lined on one side partly with dirty red brick houses, on the other by the broad & yellow Rhine.

May,
Basle

Front window.

Bâle,
May. 1856.

“Far off in the opposite direction the clouds are golden & pure white while the atmosphere is light & clear. The banks are green, & studded with white houses & groves of trees at short intervals.

HOTEL LIVERPOOL, PARIS

May
1856.

HERE we are again frivolous Paris! Within thy walls. Left Bâle Saturday 17th & arrived at Paris at Eleven o'clock at night. Macy bought some madeleines at Barle-Duc had some “pâté de foie gras at Strasbourg, arrived at Paris half dead. Went successively to the Hotel de Lille et Albion, & that not suiting, to the Castiglione—back to Lille et Albion & thence finally to the Louvre (all at midnight) whence we moved yesterday to the Hotel Castiglione where after staying an

hour, we finally crossed the street to the Hotel Liverpool whence we are soon to move to the Empire, in the Rue Neuve S. Augustin—upon Mr. Stone's recommendation, who came to bid us good bye yesterday. Found the Louvre an immense house, splendid, too. Splendid reading room, magnificent, yet tremendous, & uproaring table d'hôte, worthy of the rest. Mama & Adsey just gone out to see Dr Bigelow. Mr. & Jeannie Roberts just called. Lovely day, just like yesterday, as well as its predecessor. Going to see Guignol this afternoon with Mélanie. Sun too hot. Got into my sweet little arm-chaired, light, sunny, pillowed, foot stooled, eatabled, bookabled & well curtained palace in Mama's room, where I'm now wrigting this hurriedly. I left Switzerland with much regret—composed this upon it—

“I said goodbye to S(witzerland)

Sweet Switzerland—oh my—

“How I was pained to leave it

Oh Switzerland, good bye!”

J. Young

This verse came gushing out of my pure, quick feelings as we passed the frontier of my beloved country, & not from force of thought afterwards— As we passed the last inch of Swiss ground, I gushed out, in the full of my pure sorrow—for that was the impulse of

the moment—the instantaneous impulse of my poor little sorrowing heart. Every word is true, every word expresses the profound sorrow I felt— Thus. How I am pained to leave it I could hardly get out the words—“Goodbye, Switzerland—goodbye, Minnie Stone, lovely child! Goodbye Geneva, Vevay, Berne, Basle—Goodbye, all of you, for ever!

Ah! how I love you, Switzerland how I love your sweet little chalets, your pretty costumes, your lovely lakes, your noble Alps! Ah, Switzerland, Goodbye! Those are the last words of my song, and I assure you they are expressive enough of the crowd of feelings that gushed upon me as we left that lovely country. But “Ah my old friend, the Rhine” said I to it at Basle, “how are you? Angry as I perceive. Calm your rage, it will soon stop staining these pure German waters yellow, cease your anger, the rains that swell you will soon appease Ah, river, thrice blessed as I see thee at my last place in Switzerland thrice blessed as I behold thee about to depart from my favorite country, this is not the last time I am to see thee! Oh how thankful should I be if Switzerland were with those peaceful Swiss waters at Strasbourg! But no. Oh Switzerland, goodbye. I feel that more deeply every time I repeat it—” At Strasbourg, after walking out of the railway sta-

tion, we saw the father of Germany, pure and green, appeased, with his rage calmed according to my commands. No fury lingered in his bosom— All at once we perceived a man in a blouse on our side, & a noble Newfoundland on the other, who was dancing about, & barking, & whining most piteously, trying to get across to the man, who was evidently his master. At last the Newfoundland, perfectly desolate, passed under the railings, & with one shake of his beautiful head, plunged into the Rhine & began to swim across— At last we had the satisfaction of seeing the faithful animal safe & sound on our side, strutting proudly beside his master, & caressing him with signs of the greatest joy. I must tell you how he alighted. There was a wooden house close up to one side of the river, which communicated by stairs to the quay. The dog, firmly resisting the current, turned around, swam towards this and at length (an instance of the sagacity of this breed of dogs) alighted on it; after which he marched directly to the stairs. But it so happened that there was a distance which a dog might leap over without any great inconvenience between the stairs & the floating house. Well, in this little distance the water is exceedingly deep. But our dog, heedless, and desirous yet again to prove his skill & courage, instead of leaping across, as the mass of common

dogs would have done, he plunged head foremost into the water &, to my astonishment, remained there some two or three instants—after which he rose directly out of the water, & putting his forepaws on the stairs, raised himself entirely out of the water, & running up the steps, arrived on the quay, & shaking himself well, ran on to his master. But this was not the end of the adventure. It so happened that there was another floating house directly opposite. Well, the master decided to go across the river— Well, accordingly, as soon as my dog saw him safely on the bridge, with a parting caress, & a loud bark, he leaps back, & plunging into the Rhine, was soon encircled by a mass of foam. He swam swiftly to the other side, and alighted just as his master left the bridge, & came to the waterside to look at his fearless, yet well-wet companion.

PARIS

May.

HOTEL des Deux Mondes. No 8 Rue d'Antin

Instead of going to the Empire, here we are in this close, disagreeable hotel, under the power of a cheating, lying, disgusting beast of a French woman. We are all terribly mad at her. She gave Macy a servant's¹room two stories above the entresol declared that papa

had preferred it to one on the street. When he had expressly said he did not want it, says there are no other rooms in the house, has the extreme "bonté" to inform us that if we will pay two days rent & four francs for the "arrangements" (who knows what they are and what she will do to us?) she will let us go away whenever we choose; she further refused to put a second bed in my room for Mélanie unless we paid five francs extra & on the whole put both papa and Macy into a perfect rage by cheating and lying to the last degree. But papa is firm—he went downstairs & said plainly "you have cheated us out and out, and if you will not give us a decent room lower down, I shall leave tomorrow morning"—which I rather expect we shall do—

Mr. Corning has just called. We found the Roberts here, safe and sound—

This street is terribly gloomy & dirty, the atmosphere is moreover improved by our being in a direct line from the Rue du Marché St Honoré—

HOTEL LIVERPOOL

TWELVE days since I have written in this Journal! What neglect! How can I atone for it? You may well say, How could you neglect your journal so if you are really

May 31st.

Hotel
Liverpool
June
second
1856

fond of it? I dont know. Laziness and occupation have absorbed my time.

Our second apartment

Dear Summer, welcome, welcome back again to your sweet dominion I heartily forgive you for being rainy the first day of your reign this year, for the beautiful weather which you have compelled your subject June to give to the hours, your servants—I mean those of your offspring, Venus— Permit me to adore you in all your fresh loveliness before it departs, or rather before the gloomy Autumn reigns again.

The Summer's reception of Juno. A marble palace, glittering with diamonds. The entrance hall is glittering with lights and flowers, and a numerous train of flowered Graces attend Venus— Kneeling at the feet of Nydia Juno, accompanied by a rich retinue of (nymphs), having a crown on her head, and flowing robes, & resplendent with Jewels, kneels beside Venus—

Venus (to Juno). Welcome to our palace hall, most lovely guest! Pay your homages (addressing the retinue). Juno (to Venus). Indescribable gratitude I owe you my friend for this kind reception. (To Nydia) My queen, my henceforth mistress, may I retire from that presence which so dazzles me? (Nydia) Nay stay yet-a-while, for the banquet

is ready. The floor opens, & two tables, long & richly spread, place themselves along the hall, while two golden thrones overshadowed by a velvet canopy, mark the seats of honour—Nydia. Sit down, my guest, while I prepare thee with my own hands a cup of wine. Excuse— She retires with Venus and one of the Hours— They arrive in a small room, on the table of which is a cup of black liquid. The Hour (to Nydia). How pour it in, my queen?

Venus. Thus, Gulia—thus— She pours a few drops into a cup of wine which Nydia holds—

LONDON

No 6 Golden Square—

June fifth
1856

Oh Paris, where thy busy streets
In this disgusting city?
Where are thy fine, delicious soups
In this disgusting city?

OH Paris, come back to me. I want you. Now I have left all that I loved— England is as a blank to me. The little tragedy of the previous page was written the last two days we were at Paris. I love you dearly, Paris! Day before yesterday, a horseman came up the Rue de la Paix, “L’impératrice! Vive L’Impératrice” was shouted, & sure enough, in a

magnificent, open carriage up came Eugénie, sweetly dressed & sweetly bowing. It sounds funny to say, we never expected to see the Empress after being twice at Paris & the very last day we were there we saw her lovely face perfectly. "Vive L'impératrice!" well may the gay French cry, in the broad streets of their lively metropolis—

St Amand is my first effort at the drama—let us see if I shall make another like it. There is a Lucille, the queen of the piece, her lover has deserted her, and under the title of the Summer, and the supposed name of Nydia, she throws out all remembrance of him from her mind & devotes herself to pleasure— The drama begins by a series of intricate epistles Venus is Nydia's supposed daughter, her servants are the Hours & the Graces. There is a certain Juno, who opens the drama by a long epistle to Nydia, declaring that she will have the greatest pleasure at being one of Nydia's servants & she hopes that Nydia will accept her services. Remember the title, the "Disguised Lover." At this period of the story, from a strange presentiment, one of the Hours writes to Nydia, begging her to guard herself against "the crafty wiles of that base Juno." She further advises her to act by stratagem, she tells Nydia that Juno will work her unhappiness, & therefore, to punish her by employing

stratagem, advises her to receive her sumptuously. She says that her sisters, (the Hours), will come to advise Nydia how to act, while she herself will fly to Juno to see what she says in receiving that letter of passionate invitation that Nydia was to write to her, & that she would afterwards come back to see & advise her. Nydia again receives a warning letter from Venus, & she writes back a grateful letter to the Hour who admonished her of her coming danger. After all these intrigues the scene opens in a splendid hall, where Juno is sumptuously feasted— Nydia prepares for her a cup of wine secretly mingled with opium & Juno goes to sleep. With the intention of blinding her Nydia takes a sharp poignard from Venus, & approaching Juno, exclaims "False traitor!" She then staggers back & faints. Venus says "*Traitress*, my queen." Nydia, however, screams "Eugène, Eugène, why hast thou deserted me?" At this junction the disguised Lover, or rather the supposed Juno, throws off his woman's clothing, & appears in his real form of St. Amand; the lover that had deserted her. "Lucille, Lucille," he cries in a sort of agony, where art thou, Lucille? Forgive me, oh, forgive me." he falls at her feet. Nydia then raves— "Eugène, press thy hand to my brow. Where art thou, Eugène? Eugène, wilt thou not come & kiss me?" "Lucille, oh Lucille, I

am here, forgive me, oh, forgive me," & in an agony of tears he supports her on the couch "Lucille" he at length cries. "It is his voice" says Lucille. "It is the voice of Eugène"—(recovering) "Eugène Eugène, dearest Eugène . . . "My Lucille, come with me." "St. Amand, dearest Eugène, you are avenged—" She plunges the poniard into Venus' heart. "Curses on her who made me think thee a villain— Yes, curses on her." "Alas, Lucille, what hast thou done? Come"—and ten minutes after they were seated in St. Amand's chariot, whirling away to be married

Observations

Venus' death makes a tragedy, as also the very near death of St. Amand.

The last day we spent at Paris was lovely. I said good bye to Mélanie's mother, the Tuileries, Champs Elysées, etc. etc. Was not that a good deal to do in one day, considering we had dinner at half past six?

CHATSWORTH

June 8th.

HERE we are at this lovely place. How I love you, green England! Yes, I love you dearly, dearly! Our inn is very nice & in the middle of the country around the park & close

to the village. Right before our window stretches a luxuriant branch of sweet brier, perfuming all the air around— This is our parlour on the “rez de chaussée”. In front of our house is a large entrance supported by four pillars, and the one next our window is grown over with a beautiful & sweet smelling long kind of delicate leaf— Immediately before this stretches a long lawn, one side edging out to a small house in the Swiss style, guarding the entrance to the park. Farther up is the castle, extolled in a book we found here entitled “The Yarn of the Peak” On the opposite road, which leads up to the deer’s park, a hedge separates it from a broad lawn, rising broad in the middle, behind which stretches a beautiful wood. The other side of the lawn before our house finishes at a small path, leading by steps up to the deer park— Last night, by moonlight, Mélanie, Alice & I raced over the broad grassy plain immediately before the deer hunt, It was lovely, the air so fresh and country like, & the moon so beautiful! I love Chatsworth! The journey from London was tedious—after changing cars once, we arrived at Rowsley, where we took omnibus to Chatsworth, passing the Castle

Dearest Chatsworth, must I then leave thee? Monday
Last night Macy, Mélanie & I went up on the 9th.
hills & chased each other. We stayed out till

nearly nine o'clock. At ten & eleven o'clock at night now it is hardly dusk. Indeed I was sorry to go to bed at half past nine & it was so light it kept me awake, so that I had to draw the curtain & even then it was perfectly light. What a pleasant sign that summer is here! M. & Macy & Mélan & Alice have gone to the Castle. I have not. It was but a fancy of mine, & I feel much the worse for it. No excuse for such bad conduct, Macy will say. I think so too, & as I stayed at home to play with "John Gilpin," a dissected puzzle that I bought at the Soho Bazaar the day before we left London, I shall punish myself by not playing with it, or my drawing slate, bought at the same place. This is dutifully severe, & I do so to punish my folly for not taking the very first opportunity to visit the finest castle in the world for I now feel the evil effects of it. Folly leads a life which consists of foolish & evil doings, & in return for these severe & never ending punishments with reproofs, at least she does with me. Thus I say to her, for she has done her most foolish of foolish acts, "Vile Folly, evil gamester, are you not perfectly ashamed of yourself?"

GLASGOW

ONLY ten days more! Europe! dear Europe— As we passed over the Channel from Paris I gazed piercingly into the far ocean— And what was I gazing at? you may ask— How easy to tell! I was gazing simply at nothing I was THINKING of something dearer to me than America And what can that be? You ask. I was thinking of ITALY And of what place in that lovely country? Of ROME I am thinking of the Roman Forum by MOONLIGHT!! Oh, to hear that sweet, that lovely Italian tongue gushing around me from the lichened ruins of the Forum Romanum!

June 15th.
1856

I have passed Edinburgh without writing once in this book. To begin with Holyrood Every one knows the awful tragedy connected with this half ruined palace, & which invests it with such deep interest. Queen Mary of Scots got rid of Lord Darnley, her treacherous & hated husband & took one Rizzio, an Italian for her favourite. "Queen Mary" says Tales of a Grandfather "was fond of laying aside her state, & of indulging in small private parties, to which Rizzio was frequently admitted They used frequently to take supper together in a small cabinet adjoining Queen

Mary's bedroom, & to which there was no other entrance but by that room, except a small private stair case, of which the Queen had the key. As anybody may well suppose, Lord Darnley got fearfully jealous of Rizzio— & therefore hired, as I may express it, a band of noblemen— Of these, Lord Ruthven, risen from a bed of sickness, formed the principal actor. Well, as I said, Queen Mary frequently took tea alone with Rizzio. On the night of the 24th February 1520, she with Rizzio, the Duchess of Argyle, & a few other persons, was seated at supper in the small cabinet before mentioned Darnley had contrived to steal the key of the private staircase entering the room As they were all seated at table, in came Lord Darnley Behind him followed Ruthven pale & ghastly, & without saluting the ladies, he called upon Rizzio to come forth from a place he was unworthy to hold The Italian, at once perceiving that his life was the object of this violent intrusion, started up, & taking hold of the queen's skirts implored mercy— However, they dragged him into an outer apartment & slew him with fifty-six wounds. Mary exhausted herself in prayers for his life & when she received intelligence that he was dead, she said "I will then dry my tears & study revenge."

I almost think I should throw myself into
the river with grief, if, when I were to go home
& find my sweet pet

NEW YORK

OH how long, how very long it is since I have written in this journal! Poor book, it has been sadly neglected. But now, I shall slip over our departure from Liverpool, & our first landing here, & begin at the commencement of the month of September. One morning we were all sitting at breakfast when mama said to me, "Josey, if you will learn your multiplication table perfectly in this week, I will send you next Monday— Well, next morning, Monday, mama set out with me & we went together marching through the fifth avenue, & turned into 21st street. Well, when we had got about to the middle of the street, we stopped before a stone house of moderate proportions— We went up the steps, rang the bell, & were presently admitted into a moderately wide hall. From thence we were shown by the maid into two moderately large & very handsome parlours— Presently a tall lady entered, in a blue dress, which trailed on the ground behind— She had long curls & a very pleasant face. She shook hands with mama & after

October
17th. 1856

talking about five minutes (led us) up a narrow & carpeted stairway— & through equally narrow oil clothed entries, up three flights of stairs, and then introduced me into a large room, communicating by folding doors with a large bed-room. I put my lunch basket on a high bureau where there were several more. There were several desks in corners of the room, & three benches ranged around the room. The rest of the furniture consisted in two or three chairs, a piano & a blackboard. In front of the chimney or mantel-piece, were a dozen pretty little girls. I mingled among them & soon discovered their names. I will give their names according to their classes, though these were formed but several weeks after

First Class—Pretty

Josey Young—American
Fanny Keith—American
Helena Ammerman—German
Susy Adams—American
Kate Sweetser—American
Jenny Bleecker—American

Second Class—Pretty

Nellie Walker American
Elvira Tracy Spanish
Carlota Hobson Spanish
Mary Jane Bonnett—American
Lucia Bonnett—American

Third Class—Ugly

Georgiana Mathers—American—

Amelia Kastor—German

Jeanette Elizabeth Gardner—American

Martha Gasquet Irish French

My favorites are Nellie Walker & Kate Sweetser. On the whole I like school very much. Here are my studies & their order—

Monday — Spelling, Reading — Geography
Cornell's Primary

Tuesday—Spelling, Reading, History Par-
ley's Universal

Wednesday—Spelling, Reading, Geography

Thursday—Spelling, Reading, History—

Friday—Spelling, Reading—Geography—

Downstairs

Monday—French—Writing—

Tuesday—French—Drawing—

Wednesday—French—Writing—

Thursday—French—

Friday—French—

Besides those mentioned upstairs we have Dictation & Ciphering on alternate days. Every week we get a medal and wear it a week & then return it, and at the end of the year we get prizes. Now I must stop. Oh Europe! I used to wish myself there before I went to school, but now I dont.

October 18

Today is Saturday— I have no school to-day. I have 12 nieces & nephews. They reside in Brooklyn & Poughkeepsie. They are older than I am, with the exception of two or three cunning little babies. Here are their order—

BROOKLYN

My real sister Mary—
Molly Barnes—Oldest
Matty Barnes—Little
Lathrop Barnes—Baby
My real sister Mattie—
Henry Leavett Oldest
Neddy Leavett Little
Mary Evelina or Lena Leavett—Little
Marie Louise Leavett—Baby

POUGHKEEPSIE

My half brother Henry
Jemmy D. Young.
Eddy D. Young.
Henry Dwight Young—Oldest
Mary Young—Little

A new baby without a name Have I not enough? Several were born while I was in Europe The Barnes & Leavetts play nicely together. I spent the day with Molly last Saturday. My favorite at school in the first class is

Kate Sweetser

Second Class

Nellie Walker

Mary Jane Bonnett

Lucia Bonnett.

Oh dear. The house is nearly finished. I am writing this in mama's boudoir. Our house is a large & very handsome stone one in Union Square. We have rather a large city garden. Gas & Croton water, etc, etc of course. The parlors are large & splendidly furnished. The chairs are covered with brocatelle, there is a lovely carpet & a splendid piano— They are joined by rosewood folding doors with silver knobs. Our dining room, on the first story, is very large— It has also a fine carpet, a large drugget, and an immense & thick, polished round table, with a pretty oil-cloth covering. There is an étagère, a side-board, a sofa, & chairs made of black walnut. The two latter articles of furniture are covered with green velvet— the sofa is the most comfortable contrivance. There are besides, a fine mantelpiece a splendid clock, & a fine book case. There are three long windows, one of which opens out into a beautiful raised piazza— A glass door opens into a pantry from which you descend into the kitchen or out on the piazza— Another opens into the back-entry which is oil clothed. A glass folding door separates this from the front entry, the floor

of which is composed of squares of black & white marble. There are front & back stairs, equally beautiful & nicely carpeted & a lamp in both entries— The bedrooms upstairs extend to the fourth story. They are large & comfortable.

The Blakes have come home. They are now at the Clarendon Hotel in eighteenth street— The air is damp, the clouds dull & gray, it is half warm, half damp, and the clouds every minute threaten to burst into rain, yet do not. A great many plates & some pretty new finger bowls are lying on the dining-room table. Beside them are two or three towels, & an immense dish of warm water is lying on the table. Mama has a white apron on & is washing them, while Cousin Gussie dries them & puts them away. I have been helping her. I take music lessons from Miss Kirkland— & Adsey takes them from a Mr. Eisfeld, a German master. She used to take them of Miss Kirkland—

The first week at school, I got the gold medal. The second week Kate Sweetser had it, & the third week Helena Ammerman— The first week Mary Jane Bonnett had the silver medal, the second week, Elvira Tracy had it, & the third week Lucia Bonnett. I am writing this in the dining room. It is dark. Only one lamp of the chandelier is lighted. I am all alone— The gas in the back parlor is lighted

Adsey is practising, & Mamma, Macy, & Cousin Gussie are talking on one of the sofa's. The gas in the pantry is lighted, & William (our waiter) is washing the dinner things. Elizabeth (our laundress) and Mary, (our cook) with Eliza (our chambermaid) and Mary Donovan, a woman mama sometimes hires, are together in the kitchen— Mélanie has gone to see Mérance, who is married, & keeps house in Brooklyn She is sick, & Mélanie is not a little distressed— Papa is alone upstairs in his bedroom, either taking a nap or smoking—

McAUSLAND
AND
DE ZOUCHE
Manufacturers—Dealers
in
Upholstery Goods
Curtain Materials & furniture Coverings
FRENCH & AMERICAN

This is the contents of a card I saw on the table while writing this.

This morning I got a book at Sunday School called Grace Raymond. It is very pretty. I am writing this again in the boudoir It is near dusk— Everybody is up-stairs except Papa & Mamma, who are reading in the dining-room

Sunday
October
19th.

Saturday
November
1st.

I really don't know how many days have passed since I have written in this journal—only I know it is a long time. but I am sorry to say I have been so occupied at school as to leave no time for it. It is a little while after breakfast. Adsey is practising & I am writing this in the boudoir. My birthday, October 25th has passed. On it I received four volumes of "Tales of a Grandfather" by Sir Walter Scott. All the paintings, nearly, have arrived & are ranged in the basement. There are two Judiths, 2 Judiths, 2 Cleopatras— Madonna in Adoration. Madonna & Child. Murillo's Madonna—the Madonna della Seggiola— Guido's Angel & Flora, etc, etc— Also some statuettes & vases from Leghorn The statues from Rome & Florence have not yet arrived Here are some of the copies Mr. Jackson sets me in my copy books—

Sunday
November
30th.

It is again a long time since I have written in this journal To day is Sunday, but being attacked early this morning with a severe toothache, I have not been able to go to church either in the morning or in the afternoon. Besides my toothache I have a swelled gum and cheek which agreeable appendages have made me suffer very much I am writing this in the parlor after tea. Uncle Charles Mason, one of mama's brothers from Providence, came

and took dinner & tea with us— He is a very large & tall man, with black hair and black moustache His face is as red as a beet and he has the manners of a regular Rhode Islander. He is perfectly gentlemanly, with extremely kind manners—very gentle, and with what seems to me an everlasting smile upon his face which now and then breaks out into a laugh—his face is very good looking, but as I have said before, he is a very tall and large man. Here I must stop—

—

KINDNESS AND CROSSNESS

TWO EXAMPLES

Mary sat at the table with her lip in an ugly pout and a sullen frown on her brow. She looked very unlovely. "Mary, will you take some salmon?" her father asked gently. A short reply, in no sweet tones, followed. "Why, Mary," said a bold, little, aspiring brother, about four years old, why are you tho croth thith morning?" Mary turned red and vouchsafed no reply, while her father and mother smiled as they gently checked him. Mary wished not to enter into conversation. "Does your sunday school begin tomorrow?" asked

the mother, kindly. "I don't know." Mary's mother was silent, and after a while, the little girl began to tire of crossness, and so she rose, and left the room. All day she was unhappy, because she felt crossly, and she fancied that other people were cross to her, while it was in reality her own bad temper; and at night she retired in no happy mood, to sleep restlessly and awake, next morning, feeling as badly as before, while the talisman of kindness was freely offered her, she spurned it aside, and continued obstinately in her own course, making other unhappy as well as herself, and blaming other people. Ah, Mary, that is a sad course to begin a new week with!

KINDNESS

Helen was quietly helping her mother remove the breakfast things, with a quiet, neat hand, and firm touch, while her father read his paper preparatory to going to his store. "Helen, dear, will you go with Walter? I can get along very well now," said the mother, as a bright little fellow bounded up to them. "Yes, dear mother. Here, Walter," and he came gladly, for he loved his gentle, kind elder sister, who put him to bed so nicely at night, who dressed him so prettily in the morning, who put up his dinner so tidily, who led him to

school so carefully, who kept his books in neat order for him, who was ever ready to mend his toys skilfully and, when there was time, to play with him, ever ready with a kind word and helpful hand for all in the house. Helen was of the middle height, about twelve, with large, soft gray eyes, a small light figure, and soft brown hair that was braided in thick locks. And she took his hand, led him to a closet, and put on his little cap, his rubbers and leggings, his warm coat and comforter, then she put on a warm cloak and neat hat, and taking his little satchel containing his dinner and books, she led him carefully through the slippery streets to the school-house, went in, hung up his things, and took him into the schoolroom with a loving injunction and a kiss, and then departed. When she got home she put away her things and went to help her mother in making preserves, for she was, as I have said, tidy, skilful, neat and careful, and her mother justly intrusted her with a great deal. And so she went on, all the day, making every one happy around her, kind, gentle, and helpful, loving and trustful, till she lay down at night to a sweet, unbroken sleep, and happy awakening the next morning.

End.

—

May 31st.

Political Pleasantries
Extracts from Galignani of yesterday

PEALS FOR THE PEACE BY THE BELLS
ABOUT LONDON

John Bull looks scaly
Say the bells of Old Bailey
The peace is a do,
Says the peace peal at Kew
Is it worth fifty millions?
Ask the chimes of St. Helen's
And the thousands who 've died?
Add the bells of St. Bride
Them gumboots, a pity!
Peals the grammarless City—
What, a case for more taxes?
St. Clement's peal axes—
But fighting 's a sin
St. Clapham chimes in
Russia *should* pay the bill
Tolls St. Mary-at-Hill—
And hear Nicolaieff, too
Again rings out Kew—
Pray, who brought it about?
Asks St. Botolph Without:
Not England, that 's sartin
Says the peal of St Martin
Then whom shall we hang?
St. Pancras' bells clang—
Hanged if I cared to know
Sings the great bell of Bow

Galignani

Some extracts from the "American."

The manufacture of marbles is exceedingly simple, and is carried on during the dull season by millers & potters living on the banks of streams. Calcareous stones, pounded into small fragments, are placed between two pieces of oak in the shape of mill stones, the surface of which is covered with spiral grooves; the friction wears off & rounds the angles of the stones which are subsequently rolled between two sheets of zinc to give them a polish— A great many imitations of these toys are made of China painted, of marble, & agate but children, the most competent judges of these things, greatly prefer the real German marbles, always known by a hard whitish streak

EMILE WITTE, *Civil engineer*

The Act de Naissance by Picard brought out lately at the Odeon appears so insignificant to the Audience that they first sought amusement in clapping & applauding to the skies each actor as he came on. This resource was found to be even more productive of hilarity than was expected by its originators, for it happened that in the midst of the turbulent bravo's which greeted his entrance, one of the Actors had occasion to speak the following sentence from his part: "Lay aside *all these courtesies!*"

The American

THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR
FROM HIAWATHA

Can it be the sun descending
O'er the level plain of water?
Or the Red Swan, floating, flying,
Wounded by the Magic Arrow—
Staining all the waves with crimson
With the crimson of its life-blood
Filling all the air with splendour
With the splendour of its plumage
Yes; it is the sun descending
Sinking down into the water—
All the sky is stained with purple
All the water flushed with crimson
No! it is the Red Swan floating
Diving down beneath the water;
All the sky is stained with purple
All the water flushed with crimson
To the sky its wings are lifted
With its blood the waves are reddened
Over it the Star of Evening
Melts and trembles in the purple.

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

"Ewa Yea! my little owlet—
Ewa Yea, my little owlet—"

HIAWATHA'S FISHING

'Tis our brother, said the sea gulls
'Tis our brother, Hiawatha"—
"O my little friend, the squirrel
Bravely have you aided me
In my deep & weary toils

Take the thanks of Hiawatha—"
Boys shall call you Ajidarmo
Sail-in-air the boys shall call you."

THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR

At one end came in an old man
White, & waste, & lame, & dreary
At the other came out a young man,
Young & straight & tall & handsome—

THE CORN BLESSING

"Ugh!" the old men all responded
From their seats beneath the pine trees!"

HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS

"Two good friends had Hiawatha
One the very strong man, Kwasind
And the gentle Ombiabas
He the gentlest of all brothers—
And the very strong man, Kwasind
Saved and tended Hiawatha—"

THE FAMINE

"Gitche Manito! th' Almighty—"
Cried he with his hands uplifted
With his feet all near shot forward
With his glance so very imploring
"Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
Give us food, or else we perish—
Give me food for Minnehaha
For my dying Minnehaha—"
"Minnehaha! Minnehaha!"

Hiawatha! Hiawatha! Lovely Indian Legend!

I am going to a May party at Mrs. Macaulay's on Friday, June first, maid of honor, and must address the queen in poetry. Here it is—
(The queen is named Carlota Hobson, though of American parents she was born in portorico, hence her first name, which is Spanish for Charlotte—Miss Hinsdale's name

ADDRESS TO THE MAY QUEEN—

“Carlota! we hail thee as Queen today
We offer no tribute, yet bow to thy sway”

& so on for 16 lines. I am to wear a White tarletan with six flounces, each trimmed with silk fringe—a pink ribbon (very broad) passed over one shoulder & tied under the other. Silk worked French Stockings, white Satin slippers, an underskirt of tulle, a wreath, my hair curled, & a coral set. I have also got to crown the queen We have no School Friday aft. & rehearse

Friday
June 26th.

On Tuesday the prizes are given out. There is no school. I shall wear a white satin skirt with a basque trimmed with illusion lace, white satin slippers & white kid gloves—. I shall wear a white & blue grenadine—the basque gathered is trimmed around the neck with creased ribbon & the sleeves have bows of it—

FINIS.

[112]

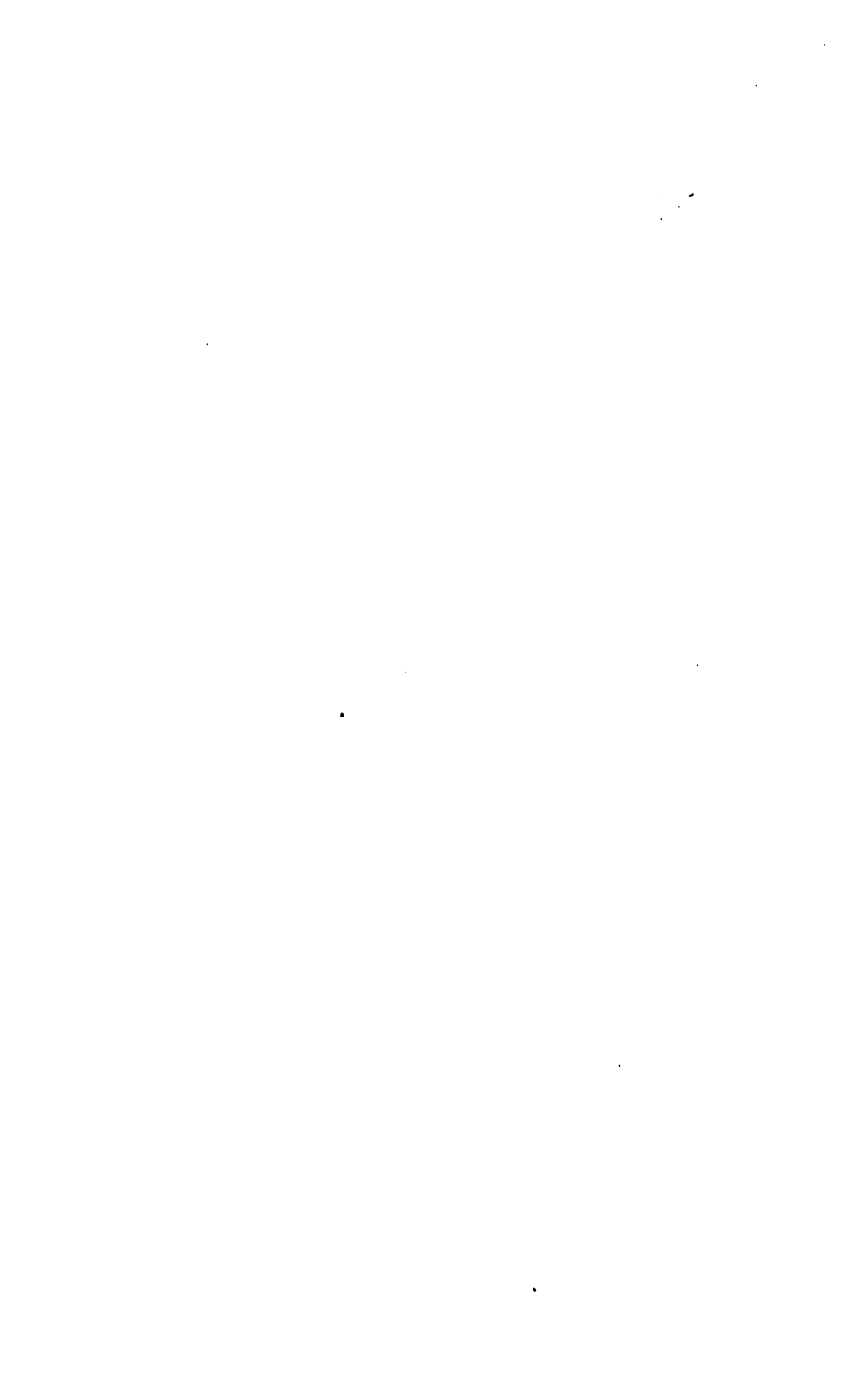
ROME
AND ITS ENVIRONS



ROME, January 24, 1855.
Italy—Europe—The Continent
(*anglicè*).

A journal appropriated especially to descriptions of various places in the city of Rome and its environs. Carefully revised and corrected A New Edition Nicely bound, printed on fine paper. By Miss Josephine Young, Esq. of New York U. S. A.

O everlasting city am I indeed within thy walls? O seat of the fine arts, Capitol of the World, ghost of departed greatness, everlasting city, sepulchre of kings and emperors, scene of tragic events, place of ruins, greatness of the world, dear, dear ROME! am I indeed in thee, do I indeed see thy departed greatness and thine everlasting ruins do I hear thy GREAT name all around me?



CHAPTER I

COLISEUM BY MOONLIGHT

I HAVE now begun a new book, the best Thursday
that papa could get me here. and, having 24th.
filled one to my satisfaction I am about to
commence a new book in the best style of my
writing, which, I am happy to say has con-
siderably improved since our departure from
Naples. We moved about an hour ago from
our hotel to another one about a block from it
kept by the same proprietor & with the same
name, but we shall have to cross the street to
the other block to get to our old house, which
contains the table d'hôte for the two hotels.
Coming out from dinner two nights ago we
met Mr. James Reiss, that we had met at the
table d'hôte at Naples. I will say a little more
about them. They are very gentlemanly &
ladylike people, particularly Mrs. Reiss, who
is always very richly dressed. On that night
she had on a very handsome black moire-an-
tique dress, with a light small mantle of ex-
quisite black lace & diamond bracelets pin and

rings. There is a Miss Pfefferkorn with them, a very ladylike person, but, who, however, speaks but little English. You will not wonder at this extraordinary name when you learn that they are Germans from Frankfort on Maine. They are pleasant people and especially agreeable for a table d'hôte. Last night we visited the Coliseum. The moon shone clear upon this magnificent ruin awaking recollections of the ancient magnificence of this celebrated amphitheatre. We invited Maggie Corning, Miss Roberts, & Virginia Tompkins, as also Mr. Bullions. At my earnest solicitation mama consented to take me. First of all, at about eight o'clock Mr. Bullions came over, & Miss Robert (who dines at the table d'hôte) set off some time after with Adsey to go to the Hotel d'Allemagne & the Hotel d'Angleterre in a wide open carriage for Virginia & Maggie. As the moon, however had not risen we put off the excursion until 9 o'clock. At about that hour, papa & mama & I set off in a closed carriage, with very large low windows and glass at the back & drove to the Hotel d'Allemagne, where the porter said that Miss Corning had gone off in a carriage some time before, and hoping to get to the Hotel d'Angleterre before Virginia had got her things on, we drove there, but on coming into the square we found it filled with carriages, but on turning our eyes round

we saw a large open carriage there with the four girls in it & Mr. Bullions. Then mama asked one of the girls to come into our carriage, but after a few minutes Mr. Bullions came out and took a place beside me, saying that the girls had decided to "stick together." We passed the Forum Romanum on our way there, as also the Forum of Trajan. The moonbeams fell down beautifully on the Column, and splendidly upon the ruins of the Basilica of Constantine, and we passed under the Arch of Titus. But when the Coliseum broke upon our view, the moon shining full upon the surrounding ruins, it was far more magnificent than any other of the ruins that we had passed. The carriage stopped and we got out & the two parties joined. Contrary to our expectations, there were 40 or 50 persons there. We walked to the middle & Miss Robert having spread out a shawl upon the platform of the cross, she and Maggie & Alice & I sat down upon it, & Papa and Mr. Bullions heads being turned the other way, Alice got up, & after looking around to see that nobody but we were looking at her, took out her pocket handkerchief, wiped a little bit of the cross, & once more looking around she put her lips to it and gave it a smacking kiss! Then leaping down she said to Maggie "I have an indulgence to do all the wicked things I wish to

for twenty days by kissing the cross in the middle of the Coliseum. We could see the glimmerings of the guides' torches through the arches as the parties were coming down. At last our turn came we went up in the company of many English parties. The stairs were steep & of wood & stone and deep pits frequently occurred, so that if we had not had 6 or 7 lanterns & 2 or 3 huge torches some of the number would have been irrecoverably lost. But the view from the top fully compensated for the fatigue we experienced in the ascent. The moon shone full upon the interior, & the dark purple sky appeared through the broken & ivy grown arches, so that if you looked at the top it would seem like a huge goldstone base set with amethysts. We then had a view of the outside, where the moon fell down in all her glory upon the surrounding ruins, but I will not attempt to describe the indescribable. We came down and got into the carriage. On our way home to our hotel we stopped sometime at the fountain of Trevi. a magnificent place, consisting of masses of wild yet picturesque artificial rock behind which is a niche in which is a huge reclining statue of Neptune, who commands the water, which gushes over the rocks in beautiful masses into the stream below, which was gilded by the moonlight. We at last arrived at our hotel, convinced of

the beauty of the ruins of Rome by moonlight. In the morning we went to the Vatican, but as I expect to make a second visit there in order to examine the statuary and paintings there more carefully I shall leave a description of it till I have returned from there.

CHAPTER II

ST. JOHN LATERAN

Friday
25th.

WE went today to St John Lateran, in Italian San Giovanni Laterano. On our first entrance into the church, the quantity of painting and gilding with which it is covered dazzled me very much. We went into a chapel where a man asked us if we would like to see the table of the last supper. More from carelessness than curiosity we followed our guide, who held a torch, and after entering a small dark room, by an invisible door, & passing into a second as dark as the first, the guide lifted up the torch with one hand and with the other drew aside a curtain that partly covered the wall & nearing the torch revealed to view a thin glass casing, under which was a flat table top of cedar wood. The guide then informed us that this was but half of the table, that the other half was somewhere else. & that it had originally been covered with silver, but it had been taken off. We next looked at the tomb of Andrea Sacchi, the great painter and returned

into the body of the church, & looked at some paintings. But before that, the guide opened a small door in a recess at the back of the church, & we stepped out upon the cloisters, in the square formed by which flourished hundreds upon hundreds of roses & violets. The pillars all along are very small, & are on the side beside the garden of roses. Some of them are twisted and inlaid with mosaic, looking very beautiful. We walked around & were walking along enjoying the delicious perfume which the roses sent to us on the cool breezes that every now & then came in there, when suddenly the guide stopped before a cloth of gold canopy supported by four marble pillars, & informed us that they were the height of Jesus Christ. Upon our asking him how they knew it was he shrugged his shoulders & replied *he* did not know. And no wonder! The young priest that served us as guide got me several delicious roses & violets. We then got into the carriage and drove off to the baptistery escorted as usual, by numerous baby beggars. Arrived at the baptistery, we entered a circular building, (as Baptisteries usually are here), in the middle of which is a rich baptizing font and bath tub, in which Constantine was baptized, surrounded by twelve or fifteen magnificent porphyry columns. But I forgot I must go back to the cloisters. In the middle of the

roses is a well which is the well of the Samaritan. In the church we went to (I like the cloisters very much indeed.—) The Corsini & Torlonia Chapels. The former is very light and rich, the pavement being composed of slabs of rosso antico, a very rare marble, lapis lazuli, porphyry etc etc. The walls everywhere incrustated with a beautiful marble called "Flower of Persia," magnificent flowered alabaster, verd' antique, & many other as rich and rare marbles. In the center of the pavement is a round grated place over a subterranean chapel, in which is buried the old prince Corsini, a very nice old man, much beloved here, who died a few days ago. The dome of the Torlonia Chapel was cut in squares, gilded, looking rather gaudy. In the high altar are two huge pieces of malachite, the most magnificent I ever saw, surrounded by a narrow border of Carrara Marble, around which is a broad piece of magnificent yellow marble. To return to the Baptistery. This is a very rich building; on the side are some small private chapels, one of which belongs to the Borghese family, the other formerly to the Medici celebrated for the dark deeds perpetrated in it for which this family were so renowned. This last is a very rich one. the pavement being composed of alternate slabs of porphyry, & malachite; the altar was a small one supported by four beautiful twisted col-

umns of porphyry. The pavement was arranged in stars & quadrangles, pyramids of white marble malachite & yellow, joining in the center. One of the Medici is buried here, namely, Pietro de' Medici. and over his tomb is a long inscription. It is composed of white marble very plain indeed, with Injustice & Italy, two female draped figures, over life size, on the top. He was the last of this celebrated yet dark family and it is surprising that the last of such a race should not be buried at Florence, his native birth-place & dear city. It is very probable, however, that he died at Rome, & was unwilling to be buried at his own lovely Florence & hence his burial in St John Lateran, so far away. The porphyry columns that surround the baptizing font are of a very singular colour, of a very dark red mixed with black. After showing us some chapels that need no description the priest let us out and we drove off to the house in which is the far famed "Scala Santa" or Holy Staircase. On arriving there Bayoud said there was nobody going up, but after a few minutes a woman with a hat on & a peasant girl came up, and we took a station in front of the stairs to see how they got up. First of all, they placed their hands in a basin of holy water on one side of the stairs and crossed themselves, they knelt down together on the marble platform before the

stairs for some time, before the crucifix on the altar at the top. Then they rose up slowly, & putting their two hands on the stair above they put up first one knee, and then the other, & so on till they had mounted two steps, when they came to another platform, in the middle of which was a round place, in the centre of which was a cross of mosaic. They knelt a little while upon the platform, and then bent down to the cross in the pavement & kissed it and after crossing themselves three times they proceeded up the steps. We then went up by a side staircase, which was not quite as holy as its sister, of which I was very glad & accordingly ran up on my feet as hard as I could. After arriving at the top, I was about to cross the ground just at the top of the holy Staircase, not knowing that it was extremely holy, when a pull of my dress & an exclamation of "Josey! that's holy, don't go there" brought me back very speedily. I forgot to say that the peasant girl was so ignorant that instead of putting her knee up she was going to ascend on foot, when the other woman prevented her. Bayoud said that there was a great deal of the peasantry that the instructed teach to go up.

CHAPTER III

BAPTISTERY

I HAVE just returned from an excursion Saturday
26th.
that Alice & Janey Robert & Melanie & I have made to see a nun take the veil in the church of Santa Cecilia but on arriving there we found that it was tomorrow, not to day, & the sacristan advised us not to come tomorrow, as the church would be very crowded, but the next Sunday another would take the veil, the church would not then be so full and we would have a better chance of seeing her well. Carnival commences today and riding through the Corso the balconys are covered with white, blue and red cloth and flower stalls are standing all over, with thousands of small bouquets & immense baskets, full of loose flowers, everything in fact looks very gay. Mama & Papa & Alice are going in about an hour to the Rospigliosi & Monte Cavallo palaces. I do not know whether I shall go with them, but I think not, as Mama has just offered to take me to the balcony after her return if I do not go with her.

CHAPTER IV

SANTA SCALA

Sunday
27th.

A FULL description of the carnival in Rome. Oh! I never had such fun in my life as yesterday. Mr. Bullions, Mr. & Mrs., & Janey Robert & Mr. and Mrs. & Maggie Corning, were there, & Mr. & Mrs. Marquand & Virginia, beside Dr. Comingo. There was an enormous box in the room, filled with confetti. We threw down little bouquets to persons in the street, and they saw them fall beside them, stalking on with a dignified & contemptuous look, seeing our little bouquets and not even stooping to pick them up, and this made us so angry, that we took handfuls of confetti from our handkerchiefs & pelted them till they were obliged to go under the balconys for shelter. Carriages would pass filled with gentleman. Mary, Virginia kept watch at the balcony to see if there were any, and when she saw one she would exclaim "Come girls! now for the pelting, here is a capital chance!" Then showers of confetti came down upon there

heads, which were returned by showers of bouquets, which however, we seldom caught, as ragamuffins were running round the streets to catch the bouquets that the gentleman threw to us, but the balcony was so high that they seldom reached us & fell into other hands. One carriage particularly had a single gentleman in it, who had thousands of flowers around him, he regularly threw us bouquets as he passed up and down the Corso & we regularly pelted him, "Evil for Good." Some of the bouquets went too high and fell on the balcony. A furious hail storm came, however, to interrupt these sports. The hail stones were enormous, & the amusements ended with a horse-race, which, however, I will describe on our return from the Balcony tomorrow. I must give a tolerable description.

CHAPTER V

CH. OF ST. CECILIA

Monday
28th.

WE are going this morning to the top of St. Peters. I expect some fun in the ascent, which, however, will not tire my young feet. We have a fair prospect of a fine day, and I am very glad of it. The Roberts start early tomorrow morning. Coming up from dinner last night Mr. Bronson insisted upon my going up into his room. Several gentleman called & Stephanie & her older sister & little brother also came up. Stephanie is a little bright-eyed Italian, that sits opposite to me at the table d'hôte. There are four children in the family, 2 boys & 2 girls. I enjoyed myself very much.

CHAPTER VI

CARNIVAL

WE had such fun today Mr. Comingo assisted me in throwing bouquets, etc. I Tuesday
29th.
begin to positively LOVE carnival, It is hard work and requires much perseverance, and a firm resolution to keep on. but I think I possess these enough, and shall therefore enter upon the difficult task of giving a detailed description of the performances of Monday & Tuesday & the ascent of St. Peters. We started from here at half past nine, in a closed carriage, and Melanie accompanied us. We crossed the Tiber before arriving in the little streets that led to the square between the Vatican & St. Peters, and truly, I thought it deserved its poetical appellation of the "Yellow Tiber," for really I never saw such a yellow river in my life. Whether yellow be its original color or the effect of mud, I do not know, but I suspect it is the latter. After crossing the little streets I have already mentioned we

arrived in the Vatican Square. The Sun shone brightly upon the two fountains that ornament it, and the dashing spray seemed as though it was inhabited by invisible little water-nymphs & Cupids in the shape of the brilliant drops that flashed down in the Sun. We arrived in a few minutes at the steps of the old Basilica, and a beggar with a child with magnificent eyes ran before us, apparently with the intention of raising the curtain for us, in order to have some sort of claim for a few "baiocchi," but Bayoud prevented this by flying before her with a speed quite unworthy of an old man, and raising the curtain for us instead. This is the largest with two or 3 exceptions, in the world. We entered and crossed the side of the church, entered a small door, and found ourselves in a little square place, with a counter on one side & a broad paved steep ascent on the other. At the counter an old man was sitting, papa signed his name to an order, and we began the ascent. Though it looked easy, at the end of about 10 or 12 minutes Alice and Melanie & I threw ourselves down on the road and began a succession of "Mercy's upon us," and of "Oh La!" as in French. At last we arrived at the first broad stage, on the roof, and the figures on it that had appeared so finely marked & delicate from the square now had no other form than huge shapeless masses of stone. After resting

a little while, Bayoud, in reply to my question of "Serons nous bientôt en-haut?" gave me the comforting assurance that we had not yet even begun the ascent. We then began another series of little winding stairs, narrow as could be, with a rope stretched from top to bottom for us to cling on to for safety, but I cannot make anybody imagine how tired I was. I could not go a step further. At the end of these stairs we arrived at the first gallery of the dome, running round the lower part of it. Now we had not the view in the square, but in the church. The mosaics that appeared from below so delicate & finely executed then presented an appearance of coarseness impossible to describe. This has the reputation of being a speaking gallery, viz., a circular gallery. Let a party of six or more persons go up there, some stand on one side, and a single person on the other side, If she puts her head to the wall and whispers a word or two low, she cannot hear it herself, but the party on the other side can hear it as plainly as if they themselves had spoken it loud. We left Mama on one side alone, & Bayoud, papa, Adsey Melanie & I waited to hear her whisper. But she did not whisper loud enough, so we finished. We then walked around to a little door, communicating with the stairway to ascend to the second gallery of the dome. Melanie's first exclamation

on arriving there was "Ah! les fourmis!" I suppose she meant the men down on the pavement, & certainly a fitter appellation for them could not be found. On leaving this gallery, Melanie had great promises in store for me of the narrow "echelles," that we should have to ascend near the top. I, however had but little faith in these predictions, and ridiculed her prophesying. Though we did not mount any "echelles," we mounted some staircases, (if the narrow and almost perpendicular steps that we ascended near the top may be called by that high name,) that were almost as bad. After ascending countless steps we at last arrived at the round balcony beneath the ball. Here there is a wide & magnificent view over the Campagna, here is a silly verse I have just made upon the subject, a moments work, which I here insert as a specimen of my poetical powers :

On the Campagna
St. Peter's dwells,
Loud o'er the Campagna
Ring far and wide its great bells.
Wide resounding, as a piece of paste
Ring its great bells o'er the wide, dreary waste.

After enjoying for some time the fresh breezes that greeted us there, we prepared to ascend to the ball. Alice concluded not to go, but the

rest of us, having regained courage and being rested and refreshed by a few minutes rest & some breezes, concluded to go up, & after winding a steep and narrow staircase we arrived at the round place immediately under the ball, in which are the stairs to mount. We found some outlandish Americans there. But the ball was full, only one person could go in beside the people that were up there, and on being told that the ascent of a ladder was necessary in order to reach the ball, all of us, except papa, who made a visit to it, went down to wait for his return. We had an opportunity of enjoying the view and of cooling ourselves. Papa soon came down & we proceeded down stairs. I had anticipated some fun in descending, which I experienced. So there are three views from different points in the ascent of the church, one on the Vatican Square, one down upon the church, and the third upon the Campagna. So ended our visit to St. Peter's.

CHAPTER VII

ASCENT OF ST. PETERS

Wednesday
30th.

TWENTY minutes past 5 o'clock. The can-
nons are exploding, as a signal for the
horse race, & for the carriages to drive out of
the Corso. We have not been at the balcony
this afternoon, but intend to go tomorrow.

CHAPTER VIII

TARPEIAN ROCK

MAMA & papa and Adsey think of going to the Capitol & Tarpeian rock this morning accompanied by Maggie Corning, but as Adsey has promised to go there with Melanie & myself some day I have concluded not to go. The "Tarpeian rock" is so called from a passage in the History of Rome, which I shall copy from "Dr. Goldsmith's History of Rome." Tatius, king of Cures, a Sabine city, was the last, although the most formidable, who undertook to revenge the disgrace his country had suffered. He entered Rome with an army of 25000 men. Not being able however, to gain the possession of the city by force, he had recourse to stratagem. He accordingly prevailed upon Tarpeia, the daughter of the Commander of the Capitoline Hill, to betray one of the gates of the city for him, upon condition that she should have in reward what the soldiers wore upon their arms, by which she meant their

Thursday
31st.

bracelets. When they entered the city she stood in the gate to receive her promised reward, but, as they passed in one by one, to punish her perfidy the soldiers threw their bracelets upon her and crushed her to death. The Duke & Duchess of Northumberland.

CHAPTER IX

PALAZZO BARBERINI

WE went yesterday to the Palazzo Barberini, but finding it closed till 7 o'clock we proceeded to the palazzo Spada, to see the statue of Pompey there. The marble is yellowish, and it has a fine face, but I only looked at it remembering that Caesar fell down dead at its base, and soon turned away from it indifferently. We then walked through a gallery of pictures, which Murray mentions as of doubtful authority. I did not, however, pay any particular notice to any of them, excepting a little one, that struck me, as beautiful & fairy like. The scene was on a sea beach, by moonlight. The moon glittered on the still bosom of the wide ocean, and on the beach by the light of the moon, overshadowed by a lofty elm. leaning together upon a small rock, were two lovers in midnight conversation. Farther on the beach, nymphs were wreathing crowns of flowers by the moonlight, which reminded me of

a passage in the "Last days of Pompeii." when Arbaces in his gloomy house revealed to Apaecides the pleasures of the gods. "As the song ended, a group of three maidens, entwined with a chain of starred flowers, & who, while they imitated, might have shamed the Graces, advanced toward them in the gliding measures of the Ionian dance, such as the nereids wreathed in moonlight on the yellow sands of the Aegean wave." What beautiful thoughts! We proceeded from this palace to a shop for Roman scarfs. Mama got two very handsome neck-ones for Molly Barnes & me, a little shawl, a beautiful broad sash for Adsey, & a very handsome scarf for Cousin Etta & one for herself. The two for Molly & myself were broad and very handsome, the real Roman Colours. Cousin Etta's a bright scarlet with broad stripes in the Roman Colours at the two ends. Alice's sash was a perfect beauty, being rich, dark & bright, broad stripes all the way. We also got a very handsome one for Nellie Adams, to tie in a bow for a collar as they become her very much. Mama's scarf was a very handsome one & the little shawl a perfect beauty, being intended to be cut up into two or more scarfs. Next we went to the Palazzo Barberini. It possesses a small collection of pictures, arranged in two rooms. The chief attraction of the gallery, however, the great treasure of this

palace, the beautiful image that gives such a charm to these rooms, is the celebrated CENCI, the lovely face that fixes every eye, by Guido. It fixes your eyes, & I stood contemplating this lovely picture in rapt silence. Clustered around it on benches, were some note takers, their eyes intent upon that object, as if the sole thing that they thought of, their pen scribbling fast, no doubt in its praise. Standing up before it, several persons gazed at it intently, with their glasses, looking at its lovely face, trying to find out its defects. The eyes, large and black as jet, are filled with expression, a soft, languid one plays over them, its ruby lips, touching together, make a sweetness of expression impossible to describe, and through them you can see the pearly teeth, ranged as if placed there artificially, exact and lovely. I tore myself away, stayed in the other room a minute, but my head filled with the image of the "Cenci." I ran back to my favorite & stayed there long, and lingered long there. Half past 9 o'clock at night. Alice, papa & mama have just gone out to make a visit to Mr. & Mrs. Stone.

CHAPTER X

CENCI

February,
Friday
1st.

I DID not enjoy myself as much as last Saturday, the 1st day we were at the balcony, indeed I was cold and tired of the fun. Mr. Mc. Clure, our clergyman, was, there, & though papa had before protested against the "folly" of such fun, he was soon standing on the balcony laughing heartily. Some ridiculously dressed bands passed leaping and jumping. Now I shall proceed to give a detailed description of our balcony & its situation & ornaments, height, etc etc. Imagine then, at about 3 in the afternoon, a long row of houses, & one opposite a church, the space between which is larger than the other part of the Corso. The space before this church is protected by a railing, so that when the horse races come the horses may go straight through. This railing is filled with men, women & children, all in their best, talking and laughing, while on either side of the church a house is placed, out of every window

of which gay streamers of red & yellow float in the breeze, filled with people. The steps of the church & the platform before the door are filled with men, woman & children, gaily dressed, sitting & standing, presenting a striking variety of colours. In the large open space before the houses on one side of the church a band of musicians is stationed, that play lovely airs, encircled by an immense gaily-dressed crowd. The Corso is filled with a deluge of people, on either side, as far as the eye can reach, stretch gaily dressed balcony's. Carriages full of gentlemen, equipages with ridiculous personages inside, and wide open carriages, the horses decked out with ribands and flowers, and filled inside with women in rich costumes, ride by, up & down, & the air is darkened with sugar plums, confetti & bouquets. Everything is gay and bright. Every now and then ridiculous bands, dressed ridiculously, tapping tambourines & sounding horns, leap & jump by, while old gray-headed men dressed like women jump gaily round and round, & one man had his friend ridiculously dressed, & dressing himself as a woman he took his arm, & tried to walk as ladies do, making his dress flirt about, which gave him rather an appearance of hobbling.

CHAPTER XI

CARNIVAL

WE went this morning to the Pantheon, & visited the studio's of Mr. Rogers, and somebody else, I forget who. We visited the first, to see the statue of Nydia the slave, a beautiful subject, & very good for his purpose, taken from Bulwer's "Last days of Pompeii," which I have more than once mentioned. I shall now therefore describe what we did to-day. Imagine yourself then in a circular building, with a very large dome, on the top of which is a round open space, admitting the air and sun, which, however, does not contribute to the interior warmth of the great Temple, which is frightfully cold. "It passed with little alteration from Pagan to Christian worship, & so convenient were its niches for the Christian altar, that Michael Angelo, ever studious of ancient beauty, introduced their design as a model in the Catholic church." The Pantheon Murray remarks as being remarkably well preserved, considering the amount of rain & air

that must have descended through the aperture in the dome. In the third chapel on the left is the tomb of Raphael, and beside him, beneath a slab of marble inserted in the wall, is buried Annibale Caracci. Innumerable Transfigurations, Ascensions, Last Judgment's, Madonnas, & thousands of tales from mythology & historical anecdotes are found in almost every gallery throughout Italy, you ask who they are by, the answer is "RAPHAEL." This great painters fame is familiar to every one, particularly those that have seen Italy. Italy has produced the most celebrated painters & sculptors in the world, for instance, taking sculpture, look at such names as Michael Angelo & Benvenuto Cellini, it is impossible not to feel their greatness. In painting who made lovelier pictures than Raphael & Guido? But the Italians never equalled the Greeks in sculpture, and there is a piece of sculpture in the Vatican, a huge figure representing the Nile, encircled by cupids playing about on it, & Ibises & sphinxes, that I could hardly take my eyes off from, and there is one room there containing a beautiful granite sphinx & two magnificent porphyry Sarcophagi, that were undoubtedly the work of Greek artists. I like sculpture and painting very much indeed, & it is thus their collections have so much interest for me. (A very large page missed accidentally. I shall fill it up use-

fully. At Florence there is attached to the Cathedral a long square bell tower. This bell tower is usually affixed to the Cathedrals in Italy for bells as the churches have domes. They are usually plain, lofty, red brick structures, but the one in this case is of a beautiful varied marble, indeed I may safely assert that it is the richest example of this kind that Italy affords. They are called Campaniles. This is a peculiar kind of addition belongs especially to Italy, & it is to be supposed that if the Duomo's were without Domes the Campaniles would not be constructed. From this tower you have an exceedingly fine view of the surrounding country, extending it is said, to Rome & even Vesuvius, & an excellent preliminary this view is before the examination of Florence, as it gives a very perfect idea of the size and character of the city, which you cannot obtain from below. This view is the chief attraction of this Campanile though it is very celebrated for its richness & people who cannot go to the top ought to by all means see the outside, & above all examine it, & see how it is constructed, for though the sight will gratify their expectations, this examination will invest it with double interest.) We afterwards visited the studios of Mr. Ives & Mr. Rogers. On entering the formers room, I was struck by a beautiful statue of Rebecca in white marble, leaning on the

stump of a tree, with a jug in one hand. It was small yet very beautiful indeed. What next drew away my attention was a beautiful bust of Flora, almost a repetition of the Psyche we purchased at Mr. Power's in Florence, and last but not least, was a little piece of sculpture, representing a child asleep upon a dog. The dog's head was very natural, being pressed upon his paw, which lies sideways under his mouth, his ears drooping, and eyes wide open, a sweet picture, perfectly realizing the idea of a tired and unsleepy dog, stretched out on the ground and resting himself without sleep. His hair was beautifully cut behind, & Mr. Ives told Mama that he would never make another one, he had not the time, and he has expended enormous labor upon this piece of sculpture. We went next to Mr. Roger's, and as soon as we entered the room, I was struck with the statue of the blind girl. Nydia is represented in the act of flying from Pompeii during the eruption. Her hand is raised to her ear, she was listening for Glaucus, Glaucus, whom she had sacrificed everything for. The expression of pain on the countenance admirably depicted and realized Bulwer's idea of this strange yet beautiful Thessalian. This was all I cared for & looked at there. I gazed & gazed, & never took my eyes from it till we got into the carriage and came home.

CHAPTER XII

PANTHEON

Saturday
2nd.

JANUARY is passed, horrid tedious month! thy sway is over till another year, & spring, bright, flowery spring will succeed the dreary month of February. Half past 8 at night. I must introduce you to Signor Broechi, Alice's Italian, "creature," as she calls her masters, a nice old man, something like Mr. Autini, & who is now giving her a lesson. Mr. Ives has just called.—There sits beside me at dinner a fat old Englishman, that I must confess is rather agreeable. Beside him was formerly a frightfully pale&crooked nosed Englishwoman, the object of my intense dislike, but her place is now occupied by an old Englishwoman. I am enamored with Mr. Ives child asleep on a dog, which he offers to sell for \$500. I propose to visit his studio again, in order to see my pet and darling. The crooked nose's place at dinner is now occupied by an old woman, I believe a German, an enthusiastic upon the

fine arts, who entertains my worthy friend beside her by a series of her opinions upon different painters. She is high in her praises about Raphael, & as she informed him, adores Guido, but though Michael Angelo is a very good sculptor in her opinion, but, as a general thing she does not admire his works, etc etc. For myself I do not admire these stuck up, conceited old women, who, if they do happen to have any taste for the arts, which is very doubtful, criticise with such bad taste and with so little appreciation of the best points of these pictures which are their subjects; that they make themselves truly ridiculous to all true connoisseurs of the arts. But I may well add that you seldom ever never find a true American lady with such conceited and ridiculous airs. They are mostly all English *women* devoid of the natural modesty and propriety of their sex.

(Written by Josephine Young

New York, Sunday December 28th 1856
In her old journal, kept at Rome, in Italy, a country of Europe.)

CHAPTER XIII

STUDIOS OF IVES & ROGERS

WE went this morning to St. Peters, to see the blessing of the candles etc etc. Mama & Adsey had to wear veils, but Melanie & I wore hats, for they will allow no one to go in who is not dressed in black, with a veil, but the bonnets have to stand up. Happily, they let us in, having first taken the precaution of making us take off our hats, & though I was dressed in blue, I know not how they let me in. At 10 o'clock precisely the pope came in and blessed the candles. Each Cardinal came up to his chair, & knelt down to kiss the hem of his robe. A candle was also blessed beside them, it was then lighted & they took it away. The popes chair was on a rich green carpet, bound with broad bands of gold. Then he was placed in a chair, & the procession, composed of cardinals & priests, each Cardinal with one of the blessed candles, moved up around the high altar, which was filled with cardinals in rich

dress, & from which clouds of incense arose from the golden censers & once more set down the pope. His holiness then stood there like a statue, to hear mass, & shortly after we left the church. But do not imagine from this brief description that the church indeed was poorly dressed, do not think from it that the ceremony was not splendid for not wishing to enter into details, I have not described the rich dresses, the red satin in which the church was dressed, the gold censers, the clouds of incense, the torch-light, and the jewelled swords of the Noble Guard of the pope, who marched by with a stately step, the lace and gold, the cloth & jewels, the rich dresses that were prodigalized all around, nor the splendid music nor the richly dressed & solemn crowd assembled there. We met the Marquands & the Cornings, beside Mr. Bronson & Isaac.

CHAPTER XIV

FEAST OF THE PURIFICATION

Sunday
3rd.

THE breakfast table is cleared, & Alice has just gone out with Mr. and Mrs. Corning & Maggie to see the nun take the veil, for, as you will see by turning back to page 127, this is the day the sacristan advised us to go to the church of Santa Cecilia to see this ceremony. On our return from the Pantheon day before yesterday, we went to the studio of Mr. Mazzolini, a painter. On entering the room we met Mrs. Corning & Maggie. He had a beautiful Ascension, & a copy of the Sibyl in the Tribune of the Uffizi but I do not think it is as good a copy as the one we purchased from Mr. Pom-pignoli at Florence. He had also several Cleopatra's, & a bad Madonna della Seggiola. Alice, Maggie & I, weary of the restraint of a single room's small compass, passed on through the other rooms. In the second Maggie showed us a darling little Cupid sitting down and playing with a rabbit, which is to be her own. We

also saw some pictures in the style of the celebrated "Notte," by Corregio in the gallery at Dresden, of which I will mention a few. One was a woman reading a letter by a looking glass by candle light, another a man lighting his pipe etc. We afterwards came to the conclusion of going to the Palazzo Borghese and went up to the top among little houses & trees on the very roof, to see a splendid copy of Guido's "Aurora," by a Mr. Casa Bene, who lives in these upper regions. We saw there a miserable copy of the "Cenci" & soon went home. We shall, I suppose, hear Mr. Macclure this morning, if Mr. Comingo does not take it into his head to preach. Harry & Neddy are both well, as I am informed by one of Molly's brothers, with whom I keep up a brisk correspondence. I never regretted home so much as on Christmas, though I received a few presents. Coming home from church we took Mr. B. in our carriage. Miss Willet having gone off in another carriage with Isaac & Ned Corning. We had communion today. I dont know whether I shall go to church this afternoon or not, we shall see.

ENGLISH

My friend happens to be, in my estimation a Mr. Nobody. He sits at table with this charm-

ing old woman who gets into extacies over Perugino & Guido & makes him share her excitement. She dwells long upon what she "calls the exquisite finish" of Guido & Raphael, but is not such an "adorer," to use her own expression of Michael Angelo. I here give an example of my best writing, with the most finish to the letters and delicacy of form as an example of the excessive pains I sometimes take in the following sentence. Turn over. Sunday is passed, Monday is passing, Tuesday is coming, and the rest of the week is but a succession of happy days. (In order to appreciate the extreme finish of these letters, you must carefully examine every letter, & seriously reflect upon the form, you will then be able to know the delicacy of the letters, especially the n's which I can give an example of the most finished & highly delicate & beautifully formed letters in a printed card of the finest manufacture.)

CHAPTER XV

PALAZZO BORGHESE

BEING very tired this morning and not Monday
knowing what to do, Mama proposed that 4th.
I should go with papa to the banker's, as I
would thus have the benefit of a nice little ride.
So I put on my things and got into the car-
riage with papa & Adsey, who wished to be left
at Mrs. Cornings. We accordingly drove into
the Via Condotti & left her at the Hotel d'Alle-
magne intending to call for her as we came
back. After a short drive of ten or 15 min-
utes we arrived at the Piazza di S. S. Apostoli.
Rome is a dark city. The streets have lofty
houses on each side pretty handsome, but the
squares are broad and for the most part clean,
& there is generally an equestrian statue or
some sort of monument in the center & always,
even in the smaller and remote squares, such as
the Piazza Barberini & the Piazza di Termini,
a fountain. Thus in the piazza di Spagna a
monument to the Immaculate Conception is

being raised. In the Piazza del Popolo there is an Egyptian obelisk & in the Piazza Navona there is an equestrian statue. In the Piazza Barberini is a fountain, in the Piazzas Borghese, Navona & di Termini there is one, & the Piazza di Spagna, with the smaller squares, are the only ones without. Even the Piazza St. Agostino, so very far back in the city has a small fountain in the middle. There are fountains all over, in the corners of the streets & everywhere in fact. Rome has very few trees in it, but the villas around are charming, & rich in every variety of park scenery. The Villa Borghese is particularly rich in this respect, & was still more so before the *Revolution*, when the trees were nearly all cut down, the flowers destroyed, the ground almost reduced to a waste & the whole villa with the palace and its works of art, nearly destroyed by the Republicans, but it still is very magnificent & exceedingly pleasing. We then drove into the Via di S. S. Apostoli & stopped before the door of the Palazzo Torlonia. Papa got out and soon came back with a parcel of letters. We called at the Hotel d'Allemagne where a gentleman informed us that the diligence had been robbed night before last in coming from Naples, & every soul had to get out & lie flat on their faces. We had two letters from Jim, papa one from Mr. Crane, 2 from Macy & one from sis-

ter Mattie. Jim says that there was an accident on the Hudson River Road, just below Poughkeepsie in which 3 persons were killed. Sister Mattie's letter was a very interesting one, as also Macy's. Papa and Mama have just gone out to visit some studios in company with Adsey, but I determined not to go. We shall go to the Corso this afternoon & tomorrow evening to the celebrated "Moccoli," or blowing out of candles, the winding up of Carnival. I shall have to borrow Murray's description to couple my own words with accuracy. This description of Murray's is very very brief indeed, just a nice mention, but conveying an excellent idea of the beauties of the Moccoletti.

CHAPTER XVI

PRIVATE THEATRICALS

PAPA having received Friday night an invitation to some private theatricals played by all the American artists in Rome, at Mr. Moziers, No 11, Via de Greci, for Monday Night he & Adsey & mama have gone. I will give a short programme for your benefit. Mr. Hewit & Miss Larry, beside the Misses Page & Mr. Mozier acted in the programme, & I will give the name of the pieces, which were mostly short, being each in one act. "The Mummy" "Box & Cox," and several others were played. For your benefit, I will tell you how Mama & Adsey were dressed. Mama had on a red velvet head dress trimmed with flowers, a rich moire antique skirt, a black velvet jacket trimmed with lace, a diamond cross for a breast-pin, a gold & diamond bracelet & a garnet bracelet. Adsey had on a cunning, closely striped fresh green silk dress, with bretelles & broad open sleeves open beneath the hand &

crossed in the opening by rich, broad silk bands with trimming, all in the newest fashion, an elegant lace collar & close sleeves, and last but not least, the thing she prizes the most next to her coral set, her darling piece of jewellery, namely, the Lava Breastpin in the shape of a Baccante that we got at Naples.

CHAPTER XVII

MASKED BALL

February
6th.

I WENT last night after Carnival, to a masked Ball. We called at the Hotel d'Angleterre for Virginia Marquand. She soon came out & stepped into the carriage. She looked sweetly. Her hair was turned over in front in a broad band, and she had a headress of green & white rose buds hanging down covering the crown of her head. She had on a beautiful pearl breastpin & earrings & white gloves, with a beautiful bouquet. I had on a flounced plaid, dark pink silk dress, highnecked, with bretells, flounces & sleeves a la mode, with close white embroidered sleeves & a little lava breastpin, an angel, forming a part of a set that I got at Naples, with yellow kid gloves, etc. my best light boots. Arrived at the Ball house we got into our box, No 21, first tier. Alice's first remark was, "What a pity we are not on the second tier!" Adsey then took a seat. There were 2 very high chairs at the two sides

of the Box, just at the little covering that separated us from the rest of the people. I got up into one of these, so that I could see perfectly well. The room was in this shape as we saw it from our box.

Suppose our box to be on this side, No 21. The round space beyond is the stage, where dancers & musicians perform, but we were too far off to see them. The couples moved round & round slowly, being all, with a few exceptions dressed in dominos. Some of these were very pretty. Among the ones that I particularly admired were a pink silk trimmed with plush, a muslin with flowers and a very rich pink silk one trimmed with plush also. The room was brilliantly illuminated. After a while, a gentleman with a black domino & mask came up to me intending to speak. Frightened at such a looking object I speedily disappeared, & it was not until Mama persuaded me to go, & that he would not hurt me, that I conversed a little with him. Among some of the very rich costumes were a Turk, & an Armenian. After a while there appeared two [what you might call ghosts, all dressed in white.] men in the house, in dead white domino's with white helmets. They looked more like ghosts than anything else. Thousands of ridiculous things came one after another, & as many pretty costumes, that I could neither de-

scribe or enumerate. I enjoyed myself very much indeed. As for the Moccoletti, you can imagine how beautiful & novel it was when I tell you that it was even handsomer than the illumination at Paris on the night of the Victory of Sebastopol. First of all Mr. Marquand's courier, Lodovico, as he is called, I believe, came and presented Melanie & I with 2 little torches. As we were lighting them, Mr. Marquand approached and blew them both out. Determined upon revenge, I ran into the inner room, which contained one window, and approaching the center table, on which was placed a kind of round lamp, from the top of which projected three curves, having each a Light, relighted my torch, & returned into the other chamber. About this time, fearing a revenge upon my part, & seeing that I was absent from the room, Mr. Marquand had provided himself with a torch, & approached his courier with the intention of lighting it, & afterwards returning upon the Balcony & holding his torch into the air so that, if I returned I could not get at it. It was evening, and as he lighted his torch, it gave but a feeble light. Glad of an opportunity to revenge the blowing out of my candle, I approached softly through the dark, he could not see me, and, placing my candle behind my back, just as he was turning round to go to the balcony, by one well directed blow

of my handkerchief I blew his torch out. After this, as he was bewildered, left in utter darkness, I took the tail of his coat & pulled it, & fled away, having taken the precaution to blow out my candle, so that if he should turn round he could not blow out my torch. The evening passed in this manner, & I went home bitterly regretting THE LAST DAY OF CARNIVAL.

CHAPTER XVIII

MOCCOLI

Saturday
9th.

WE visited yesterday the Villa Albani. The day before we paid a visit to the Villa Torlonia but nobody can imagine the extent of the grounds of the principal villa's around Rome, nor the beauty & picturesqueness of spots on the retired & seldom visited parts of them. Lakes & trees, fountains & flowers, birds & woods, fill one vast space. I love villa's! they are so romantic. We entered the Villa Albani, by a beautiful gate, worthy of the interior. After entering, a long wide gravel walk spread out before our eyes, bordered by thick green hedges, beyond which stretched innumerable flower gardens & woods, with a lovely & fresh green wood on one side. to which small avenues in the intervals of the hedges led, led up to a long white marble building, with a long kind of colonnade filled with statues. There was about the middle of this colonnade, a sitting statue of Faustina, one hand

drooping over her chair, the other lying in her lap. Some one had placed a pansy on the latter, & Adsey added a few violets. On the left hand. I took a walk & looked at the following statues. 1. Bacchus & Faun, 2. Faun playing a pipe, 3. Bacchus, 4. Mercury, 5 Minerva. I did not look at any sitting statues except that of Faustina. In the same line with it there were several sarcophagi, some of marble & some of porphyry. I also observed a pretty little porphyry bath-tub, of which there are numbers in the Vatican. We soon stepped out of the portico and after mounting a few stairs we arrived at a long suite of rooms filled with paintings & statuary, I have but a faint recollection of the statuary & as I did not pay any particular notice to the pictures there I shall only mention a few that struck me as very pretty or else that were particularly to my taste. Among these was a beautiful, I should not say beautiful, but a very highly finished small picture of the Crucifixion, by Vander Worf. I never saw, in any palaces or villas that I have been in in Naples or Florence, so highly a finished picture. It is impossible to conceive how pure, smooth & bright it is. Among the other little things that struck me as beautiful was a beautiful round table of the handsomest mother of pearl I ever saw in my life. We then took a walk in the grounds, which was perfectly

charming. Villa Torlonia. To return to the Villa Torlonia, we went through shady walks & winding roads to the grotto. This is an artificial grotto, with the rock cut out into vast & mighty forms, with imitation stalactite hanging all over & a pond in it. It was dark & cool, & refreshing from the burning sun.

CHAPTER XIX

VILLA ALBANI

WE made an excursion yesterday to the Villa Borghese, which used to be considered as one of the charms of Rome, but on the Revolution of 1849 it was dreadfully injured & was almost reduced to desolation. In former times it was called **THE** park. It was open constantly to the public, but now the trees are cut down, the flowers almost all taken away, & the poor little wood violets, who have yet a home in an extensive forest pretty far back in the grounds & in small parts of the grounds where there are some trees & fresh grass to shelter them, & a few roses, alone remain. But still on entering the smell is so very, very fragrant that it is hard to believe that it could have been sweeter than it now is. We walked up a long gravel walk, turned into another, mounted a little hill & entered the palace, a very beautiful building. We found ourselves on our entrance in a noble saloon, the pavement

Sunday,
February
10th.

of which was composed of mosaic, & two or three railings in different parts, protected a few very fine large pieces of it from the visitors tramp or childrens curiosity. I will not mention anything but the rooms upstairs, we arrived in a round of rooms, round a wide stone balcony looking over the grounds. The first of these rooms beginning on the left was a long broad place, filled with pictures. I must notice a couple of stuffed birds, of the ostrich species, which struck me as being singular. The next was a noble saloon. Among some very beautiful objects there I remarked four remarkable pure white marble vases, representing the four seasons. The first was Spring. It was a garden with crocuses & spring flowers, & two children playing. The next Summer, was a hay field. They were gathering in harvest, further on was a field of gently undulating golden wheat. In another field still further on were some young lambs joyfully bounding around their mothers. I admire these vases very much & indeed for the most part, the sculptures of — & other french artists in Italy. The 3rd Autumn, represented all the processes of the grape vine, in making wine. One side represented several children picking the grapes, another, a boy pouring the grapes out of his basket, 3rd a boy treading grapes, & the 4th

the pouring of the juice into bottles. The 4th Vase represented winter. A family were gathered snugly round a hearth, with a lamp upon a table. This series of vases I think all very beautiful. Papa afterwards came in & told me if I would accompany him in the tour he was going to make he would show me the prettiest thing in the palace. Well we two set off, threaded innumerable chambers, crossed the stone balcony looking out upon the Villa I have already mentioned & at last arrived in a noble saloon. He led me to a small picture at one end, and lo & behold! there was a little painting there representing a hen & chickens. I never saw anything so beautiful & true to nature in my life, the chickens were so finely done that you could see the little feathery down upon their backs & heads. One was on a dish, eating, he was as plump & feathery as possible, & the attitude very natural. You could see a chickens head peeping out from the hen's wing in front, and there was one perched on her back that was spreading its wings & seemed just ready to fly. After the palace we went into the woods far back in the grounds & got a quantity of violets that Adsey afterwards pressed in her scrap book. I do not know if I ever enjoyed an excursion as much while I have been in Europe as the ones I have made to the

Villas Albani, Torlonia & Borghese excepting the ones we made to Sorrento & Pompeii at Naples. Thus ended our visit to the Villa Borghese, which I am inclined to believe is the finest, (that is the grounds) out of the walls of ROME. amen.

CHAPTER XX

VILLA TORLONIA

HOW icy cold it must be at home today! In Sister Mattie's letter, that we received last week, she says "How you would shiver if you could catch one *whiff* of the north Easter that blows here"! as it is the day is very pleasant here, & it is likely that the afternoon will be as beautiful as one of the pleasantest days of June at home. Mrs. Corning has just come in with some letters dated Naples February 6th 1856 one of which is from Jeannie Robert for Mama. Mrs. Corning informs her that Mr. Efy was able to go to the top of Vesuvius & enjoyed the excursion very much. Coming out of the American Chapel yesterday I met Virginia, who invited me to go up to the Trinita de monti. I did so & enjoyed myself very much. We intend going to the Villa Doria Pamfili, as also S. Pietro in Montorio, in the Campagna, celebrated for its view. We received a visit last night from Mr. Hunter &

Monday,
February
11th.

Dr. McClure, who took dinner with us. Mr. Hunter is pleasanter than ever & exceedingly witty. I anticipate some pleasure in our visit to the Doria Pamfili, which was Macy's favorite Villa while he lived here. Half past 12. Mama & papa have just gone out to buy some cameos & will soon return. I must say a little more about the Cenci. She is named Beatrice, and was one of the highest families of Rome. There is a fearful tragedy connected with her history which gives a painful interest to her portrait. This is so good that Guido's reputation is still more great by it. The Count Francis of Petrella a nobleman distinguished by the atrocity of his crimes, was her father. She was young & lovely, he treated her with the utmost cruelty, as also her stepmother. Beatrice, at last, being no longer able to suffer her father's cruelties, at length formed a plot with her stepmother to murder her father. They sought the advice of their confessor, Guerra, who approved of their scheme & assisted in its execution. While they were concocting plans for the accomplishment of their object, fresh acts of cruelty on the part of Count Francis to Olimpio, the steward of the castle, gave them a new & willing accomplice. The Count was murdered in his sleep, and the body thrown out into the Castle Ditch. in order that his death might appear the result of

accident. The body, however, was caught in the branches of a tree in the fosse, and never reached the ground. It had scarcely been taken up & buried in the church of Petrella, where the tomb now exists, when suspicions were excited & proceedings commenced in the tribunals of Naples, which were afterwards transferred to the Roman Courts in consideration of the parties implicated being Roman Subjects. The confessor Guerra, escaped in disguise, and hired another assassin to despatch the steward Olimpio. This appears to have supplied the means of tracing the criminals. The perpetrator of the last murder was apprehended. Marzio the accomplice confessed his share in the murder of Count Cenci & the evidence of a woman of Petrella whom Beatrice employed to wash the sheet which was stained by her father's blood, supplied all the proof there was necessary to convict the principal actors in the tragedy. Beatrice maintained her innocence to the last, her youth & beauty, the known crimes of her father, and the abhorrence created by the recital of her sufferings, awoke universal compassion in her behalf. Many of the illustrious families with which she was allied used all their influence to obtain her acquittal. But the intrigues of a powerful & princely family of the Roman nobility, which had much to gain by the total extinction of her line, were exerted

vigorously against her, and the occurrence of a similar crime—the murder of the Princess of Santa Croce by her two sons, at the moment when the life of Beatrice hung upon a thread, decided her fate. Pope Clement VIII sentenced her to death and she was executed at the age of 16 only. She was very lovely at that age, and when the executioner bound her hands, she said to him—“You bind my body for destruction, but free my soul for immortality.” And at this tender age she died. Guido then painted a lovely portrait of her, which has become very celebrated. Hence the Cenci. I have just related this fearful tragedy, which terminated in the destruction of one of the loveliest beings of the time, to explain the origin of this lovely picture. Beatrice was the loveliest young person of her time, and much interest has been excited and compassion raised by her melancholy fate. Nobody can help feeling her loveliness in looking at her portrait. This was her end. I cannot help thinking about her without loving her. She was so young and so lovely, and it is painful to think that she was executed at sixteen. Her executioner must have had a very hard heart to execute such a lovely being. Then the lovely words she pronounced as he was binding her hands must have melted any but a heart of stone. She was lovely to the last, and these words prove how sweet she was.

Historians mention her as a "lovely young person of irreproachable virtue." Now this proves how gross the Counts cruelties must have been to move her to such an act and how painful it was for her to kill him. But I must not run away into reflections on her fate, while at first I had no other thought but of explaining its origin. So good bye to the Cenci till we go once more to the Palazzo Barberini.

Half past 5 o'clock in the Afternoon.

At about three o'clock Mama & I proceeded in a carriage to the Hotel Spillman, in the Via della Croce to see Mrs. Mitchell, I with the intention of visiting Cora. They were both out, however. We met Mr. Stone who exchanged a few pleasant words with us. Yesterday afternoon, on the steps of the Trinita de' monti, we met a mighty ugly lady, named Mrs. Chapman, who invited me to a party she was going to have for all the little American girls in Rome. We also went to see her but she was also out.

CHAPTER XXI

VILLA BORGHESE

Tuesday
12th.

I WAS mistaken when I put down here that we were going yesterday to the Doria Pamfili, indeed I do not know when we shall, unless it be today or tomorrow. If I go to the Villa Doria Pamfili, I shall certainly give a more detailed description of it than I have done either of the Villa Albani or the Villa Borghese. It was Macy's favorite, and when he had finished his studies and was tired, it was under the trees and by the fountains of the Villa Doria Pamfili that he sought ease & refreshment.

Thursday
14th.

We went yesterday to the Villa Doria Pamfili. This long expected excursion was at last brought forth and at half past 7. o'clock P. M. we started in an open carriage. "Pour une fois de ma vie," exclaimed Melanie as she took her seat beside me in the carriage, "je sort avec vous. C'est étonnant, seulement. Vous ne me preniez jamais avant!" The cause of this

amazement & complaint was evidently, as she gave me sufficient proofs every day, resulting from a belief of her's that I never took her anywhere upon pretence that I had not enough room. After a somewhat long drive, we stopped before the spacious and well-built handsome palazzo Corsini. Out we got and trudged up stairs, when we arrived in a long suite of splendidly furnished apartments, filled with pictures. I ran over the first, second and third rooms without noticing anything particularly to my taste, but on entering the fourth, a small yet handsome apartment, my attention was immediately drawn towards a couple of small marble statues, which I approached to inspect. The first was almost life-size, and represented a little cupid drawing out a net full of fish, which was beautifully represented. The second represented another cupid with a proud and spirited face, and noble bearing, turning his face and striding away, with a pretty little rabbit in his hand. This was all I remarked in the palace. We then descended and proceeded to a church elevated, looking upon the Campagna, celebrated for the wide and magnificent view over Rome and its ruins, with the appian way & tomb of Cecilia Metella included, that can be obtained from the platform before it. Beyond this platform was a round, sunny place, with numerous babies basking in the sun.

They looked very uncomfortable strapped up like Indian papooses. I could clearly discern the Pantheon, the Coliseum, the Tomb of Cecilia Matella, the arches of Septimius Severus, Titus and Constantine, the two forums, & the baths of Titus & those of Caracalla. The sky was a lovely blue, such as you can only see in Italy, the air was fresh, the trees green, the birds singing merrily, the sun shining brightly, butterflies & bees humming, flies plentiful, and roses & violets scattered about plentifully, and this the 13th of February! Next we got into the carriage and at last arrived at the DORIA PAMFILI. As there was nothing worth seeing in the palace, we did nothing but take a walk in the grounds, which were beautiful. First we entered upon a field, scattered over by a profusion of wild flowers, of which we made several bouquets. We then advanced, and found ourselves in a fresh green wood, where we picked up some violets. Every step that I took made me remember Macy. We then passed some silvery fountains & charming spots, and in about an hour proceeded to the gate of the Villa, near which Baillou led us to a place where we found enough violets to make us a huge bouquet & several smaller ones. So ended our visit to the Villa Doria Pamfili, in which Macy had requested us to walk to remember him by.

We went yesterday to several ruins, the tomb of the Scipios, the Baths of Caracalla, the palace of the Caesars and the Tarpeian Rock. We took candles to go down to the tomb of the Scipios, from which I managed to steal a long piece of verde-antique. We picked a quantity of very sweet violets & lovely wall-flowers, indescribably sweet. I enjoyed myself very much indeed. We intend to go to the Catacombs at about 10 o'clock today, with the Marquands. I accompany them. I expect to be very much interested. 4 o'clock. We have just returned from the Catacombs. Now I want to make a brief yet accurate description of them and therefore mean to borrow Murray's description, which is just exactly what I want. Here it is. "The most probable explanation of these immense subterranean chambers, is, that they were originally excavated by the ancient Romans, for the purpose of procuring puzzolana. They consist of a series of irregular winding passages, generally arranged in 3 stories. From the principal avenues others branch off in different directions: here and there are open spaces which served as chapels or places of meeting, and on each side of the passages are niches for the dead. There can be no doubt that the early Christians were accustomed to assemble here for divine worship and for concealment. As in the Catacombs of

Saturday
15th.

Naples, Malta, and Syracuse we frequently meet with small chapels or oratories, the niches are generally square, but some of them are vaulted and form small chambers, which still retain traces of stucco. All the larger recesses seemed to have been closed externally, in others there is a grave about the ordinary length in which the body has been covered with earth; a semicircular excavation for the head is generally added. In some of these niches small apertures may be seen which were evidently intended for lamps. The graves of children occur in a very large proportion: sarcophagi do not appear to have been common, and it is remarkable that in all the passages yet explored very little marble of any kind, excepting that used for the inscriptions, has been found. The extent of these catacombs is very considerable, although there is no foundation for the tradition that some of them reach to Ostia. There is no doubt whatever that the excavations now seen by travellers are a small portion of what has been already explored, but the danger of leaving such a labyrinth of subterranean passages open has made it necessary to close many of them." Bones, yellow and crumbling into dust, overlay the bare niches on either side, and it makes you shudder to look upon the heaps of dust, bones and ashes all around. You are then with the dead, and you feel it, too. This

brief description and the few remarks that accompany it are better suited to my purpose than the longest and most accurate description. I hope to make an excursion on the Appian way very soon.

We made an excursion yesterday to the lakes of Albano and Nemi, a beautiful sheet of water about sixteen or 17 miles from Rome. We started off at half past eight in the morning in an open carriage, for Albano, passing, in traversing the city, The Coliseum, the Roman Forum, and St. John Lateran, and on emerging from the Porta S. Giovanni we found ourselves very near to the Basilica of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme. A very old & venerable church. The road is the one to Naples, being all along the Modern Appian, only crossing a small part of the ancient appian way. We went along very quickly till we were about 9 miles from Rome, from which place the road traverses, for the next 3 miles a dreary waste, at about 2 or 3 miles from Rome a long range of arches, repaired from an ancient aqueduct, became visible, as also about 43 arches of another in a different line. After passing these three miles we entered upon a country covered with ruins, which afforded us enough interest till we arrived at the bottom of the hill at the top of which Albano is situated. We passed a villa at the bottom belonging to Duke Tor-

Sunday
17th.

lonia, and soon afterwards arrived at Albano. We drove into the court of the Hotel de l'Europe, and soon after took some donkeys to go to the lake of Albano. On I got and we soon started off. We went through a wood, being surrounded by birds, and my obstinate mule required more than one urging and whip to make her trot, and she would frequently be so bent into going into the wrong path that I would have to take up the reins, and use all my strength in turning her head round. When she was nicely set going & when I wished to stop I had to tighten the curb so as almost to choke her and draw up the reins close beside mama's donkey. At last we got to the lake of Nemi, I having performed one feat in horsemanship, namely, making my mule turn her head around and trot when she was bent in driving me into the hedges and had refused to go on. The water was very blue & smooth, surrounded by hills, and the lake of Albano is five miles in circumference. It was bitterly cold, and I suffered somewhat, but on the whole enjoyed myself pretty well. This is the last Sunday we spend in Italy, we have but one more. Good bye! sweet land of sunshine and flowers, flower of the south, native land of the greatest men in this world. Italy may be considered as a brilliant spark full of riches and

pleasure. I love Italy, quite as well, almost,
as my own home!

4 HALF PAST

We intend going tomorrow to the Vatican. Mama has lately paid a visit to Piales, and brought away Macaulay's lays of ancient Rome. On turning over to page 22, I mentioned the yellowness of the tiber. I will now quote a verse from "Horatius." The passage is when Horatius is standing alone on the opposite shore, after the bridges fall.

"Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind,
Thrice thirty thousand foes before
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus
With a smile on his pale face,
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace!"
"Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see,
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he,
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome .

“Oh Tiber ! father Tiber !
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, A Roman's arms
Take thou in charge this day.
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.”

These beautiful stanza's do honour to Macaulay. He was at the same time a beautiful poet and an illustrious prose-writer. Among the great men, in poetry, history and music, may be classed among the highest for music Mozart; for History, Cicero, Pliny, and several others; for poetry, Pope, Macaulay, Campbell, Longfellow, & several other distinguished men. For England, Lord Byron suffices to fill the whole nation with Pride. His “Childe Harold” is one of the most beautiful pieces of poetry ever written. I will quote a few of his stanzas about Venice & Rome. In the Canto IV, which is principally devoted to descriptions of these two cities, the first stanza is remarkably beautiful, as well as appropriate.

“I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of sighs
A palace and a prison on each hand,
I saw from out the wave her structures rise,
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand,

A Thousand year's their cloudy wings expand,
O'er the far times, when many a subject land,
Looked to the winged Lion's marble piles
Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles!"

Then, farther on, describing Rome he say's.

"Or, turning to the Vatican, go see
Laocoon's torture signifying pain—
A father's love and mortal's agony
With an immortals patience blending—: Vain,
The struggle, vain—against the coiling strain,
And gripe, and deepening of the dragons grasp,
The old man's clench the long envenomed chain
Rivets the living links—the enormous asp
Enforces pang on pang, and gasp on gasp."

These have invested this celebrated statue with additional interest. Addison was a celebrated prose-writer, he was the author of the famous "Spectator. Pope was a beautiful poet, Macaulay the author of the celebrated "Lays of Ancient Rome." Byron full of beauty, & Mozart a magnificent musician and composer. Now that I have mentioned several poets, quoted from their works, reflected on their beauties and merits, made some observations in regard to them, and examined the beauty of the passages that I have quoted to prove their merits I think I have said enough upon that

subject, but do not feel willing to close my journal now for tonight, and shall therefore proceed to reflect upon their respective beauties and quote a few more passages from them. Now in Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome" my favorite piece is "Horatius." There is one part extremely beautiful.

"But the Consuls Brow was sad
And the Consuls speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall
And darkly at the foe,
"Their Van will be upon us,
Before the bridge goes down,
And if they once may win the bridge
What hope to save the town?"
"Then out spake Brave Horatius
The Captain of the gate,
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late,
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the temples of his father's
And the ashes of his gods?"

Now then this noble question of Horatius shows undaunted courage and magnificent valor. Anybody will feel the nobleness and handsome courage of the reply and encouragement.

"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late."

Just take the second part.

"And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the temples of his father's,
And the ashes of his gods?"

and you will immediately perceive the beautiful courage & magnificent encouragement in the question and reply. Then in the battle of the Lake Regileus, you find the following truly magnificent reply.

"But, like a graven image,
Black Auster kept his place,
And ever wistfully he looked
Into his master's face.
The raven mane that daily
With pats and fond caresses,
The young Herminia washed and combed
And twined in even tresses.
And decked with colored ribands
From her own gay attire,
Hung sadly o'er her father's corpse
In carnage and in mire.
Forth with a shout sprang Titus
And seized Black Auster's rein,
Then Aulus sware a fearful oath
And ran at him amain.

"The furies of thy brother
With me and mine abide
If one of thy accursed house
Upon Black Auster ride."

Here I shall finish my reflections and close my journal for to night. I love these lay's of Ancient Rome, it is so pleasant to read them here in Rome itself.—We intend going today to the Vatican. I am very glad of this opportunity to examine the pictures, as I have not yet looked over them. These celebrated paintings, 30 in number, include the Transfiguration, that master-piece of Raphael and several Madonna's. I shall be able to comment upon them in this journal after I have carefully examined them. I shall examine the Transfiguration in particular.

HALF PAST FOUR.

Mr. Marquand has just given us a little visit from the 3rd story upstairs, with a pretty little picture about as large as this book, that he had purchased at Flatts, a German painter. It represents an angel, down to her waist, her robe is both loose and tight, approaching orange colour, edged with a broad coloured band almost highnecked, laying close around the snowy neck. The hair was short and in small very

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light yellow coloured curls, flying back. The eyes are large brown, rolled back and lifted. Her hands are clasped on her breast, across on her robe, and the mouth very sweet. I have just been reading this description to mama, and as she does not find it as it ought to be, I must proceed to correct it. In the first place, there are no hands, and the eyes are small & blue. Now I must turn to the Vatican. First, after threading the endless galleries of the Museo Gregoriano and the other museum we arrived in such a very long one that I could not see the end. At last we arrived at the end, and arrived in a large room full of pictures. We hurriedly pursued our threading of the picture gallery, without stopping to observe the paintings, till we arrived in a small room in which, on a sofa, sat Mr & Mrs. Corning, the objects of our search. Maggie was seated at the further end of the room, and after the ordinary salutations and a "Come state, signora?" addressed to me he got up and went away, and at the same instant Adsey removed her worthy person to the farther end of the room, beside Miss Maggie, so that she could at least find among the English "wretches," as she emphatically termed them, a companion suitable to her inclinations, and fit to converse with her, and left me to the quiet possession of a seat from which I could converse peaceably to with Mrs.

Corning. After a while we got up and went into the other room before Raphael's TRANSFIGURATION. I am so poor a judge of paintings that I can only describe the attitudes of the figures without attempting to criticise it, though I must say the composition is very fine. I shall break off abruptly from my account of our visit to the Vatican to the places we have visited today. We went first to the temple of Vesta, a small round edifice, with pillars all around it, between which are gates. It is a beautiful little thing, and many vestiges, in the shape of slabs of marble on the pavement of the space between the edifice & pillars here and there, and the magnificent marble and magnificent Capital's of the pillars, still remain of its ancient magnificence. Next we went to the Sublician Bridge, which fell when the Father's, in Horatius screamed to the "Valiant three,"

"Come Back, Come back, Horatius,"

Loud cried the fathers all.

"Back, Lartius, back Herminius,

Back! ere the ruin fall!"

The water was too high for us to see the ruins. From thence we drove to the Protestant cemetery, about half a mile from the Porta S. Paola. Our approach to it was confirmed by the lines of gloomy cypresses that rose slowly

over the wall, as we drove up to the gate and were handed out. The entrance was grand, yet simple, it was imposing, though not magnificent, But I heeded not the entrance, I was too impatient to get in, and soon after was busily occupied in following the windings of an intricate path, bordered by violets and pansies, and tombs. The tombs were very appropriate, and for the most part pleasing. For two specimens of their appropriateness, I can find no better ones than the ones I shall now mention. An architects tomb was marked by a neat, small tomb in the form of a church, and plain inscription in black letters on a marble slab at the foot.

“SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
JOHN GIBSON, ARCHITECT.
DIED IN ROME JUNE 3RD.
1852.

The second, a childs tomb, was a plain kind of pyramid of white marble, with an angel on one side holding a marble flower. The inscription showed the childs age.

“SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
ELIZA VAUGHN
YOUNGEST CHILD OF THOMAS E. VAUGHAN, ESQ.
DIED IN ROME AUGUST 15TH 1854.
AGED SIX YEARS

Here I shall abruptly finish my account of the Protestant Cemetery. O dear!

I have just been reading a part of that mysterious and forbidden book, Adsey's journal, in revenge for her looking at mine, which *I* had likewise forbidden. I find in it the following remarkable expression. "We went next to the Villa Doria Pamfili, which is the most exquisite place in the world." This enthusiasm calls loudly for attention, and she afterwards adds—"And picked up a quantity of violets & anemones I dont know what." What a remarkable passage, in which she does not know what to say or what she is saying! I will add a little more in regard to this subject.

She afterwards puts—"In S. Pietro in Vincoli I saw Guido's Speranza." In regard to the P. Corsini, she says. "I saw a beautiful picture of the Pantheon, & people offering up a sacrifice there, and a host of other beautiful pictures." Why not name this host? And besides, why not describe S. Pietro in Vincoli more leisurely, and not break off abruptly at the end of a sentence and run off into other subjects without giving us time to think about the places she is describing? As I often read my journal for my amusement, as well as for correcting the mistakes, and as I always reflect upon the passages that I have written, & think over them, in order to see whether my descrip-

tions of places are good, so that I shall be able, upon reading my journal hereafter, to remember them. I always write great care concerning the accuracy of descriptions, and make them at length, describing every place with the utmost accuracy, and compounding my thoughts & ideas into one mass to tend to the accomplishment of a good description. Not so in Adsey's journal. Every thing is brief. Yet, on the other hand it has its merits. Everything is brief, true, but everything is accurate and well described. Her describing them briefly, not allowing time to reflect, is perhaps the result of a hasty temper, and impatient ideas, whereas I only strive to make a description on which I can reflect. Her memory also furnishes her with ample space for clear remembrance, and renders her less dependent upon the accuracy of her journal. Here I shall close my remarks.

Adsey intends taking Melanie to St. John Lateran, in order that she may see the Holy Staircase, which she has not yet seen, and to the Capitol which is open this afternoon. As we are going to San Stefano Rotondo this morning, a church very near St. John Lateran, Adsey thought it would be as well for us to take Melanie. I have not yet seen the Capitol, and wish very much to go there, on account of the Bronze Wolf, which is said to be the image of the one from which Remus & Romulus, the

Thursday
21st.

founder of Rome, are said to have sucked. There also I wish to see the celebrated Mosaic representing three doves, drinking out of a basin of water, called Pliny's doves, upon which Lord Byron has written some beautiful lines in "Childe Harold," as well as upon the Bronze Wolf. I have seen all that I care about in the Vatican, and though we may go there again, I shall only do so in order to take a last look at my favorite pieces of statuary, & say good-bye to the Transfiguration. Maggie Corning came to see us last night & took dinner. Cousin Virginia also came up, & we had quite a nice time. About two weeks ago Cousin V. showed us a very pretty transparency of the Moccoli, and the other night, (as I pay frequent visits to Mr. Marquand's) while I was up there, I saw a transparency of St. Peter's illuminated, which being unpricked, I assisted in making the holes. It is now finished, & requires two lamps to show it off, but the colonnades, fountains, and buildings on either side are splendidly illuminated now, & it is perfectly magnificent just at evening.

Friday
22nd.

I must now describe what we did yesterday. We went first to the Holy Staircase, which I have already described & next to S. Stefano Rotondo. This is a very old Basilica, of a circular form. Around the church are martyrdoms. If all the people in this world put their

imagination together, I am sure they could not have conceived an awfuller set of pictures. One was a man actually being hashed up. Just think of it! Another was twelve creatures with their hands & tongues cut off. Enough of this horrid subject. Next we went down into the Roman Forum, & picked up a quantity of beautiful pieces of marble. Next we went to the church of the Ara Coeli & saw the Bambino. This Bambino is a representation of our Saviour, said to have been made out of some wood of the trees on the mount of Olives, & painted by St. Luke. It is supposed to have the power of curing sick persons, & during the Revolution, the Republicans took the pope's splendid private carriage, set the Bambino in it & carried it round to sick persons. It is on a satin couch, a huge diamond rosette upon his breast, & glittering with precious stones. The guide informed us that rich persons sent precious stones to ornament him. As for the Capitol, I cannot describe it & was dissatisfied in Pliny's dove's & the dying Gladiator. Could not see the Bronze wolf, & will describe it another time. Mama went this morning to Piale's & to a shop in the Via del Babuino for some cameo. As I shall have frequently to mention Piale in this book, it will be as well for me to say something about him. Piale is a celebrated bookseller in the piazza di Spagna, he has a very

good circulating library & his reading rooms are the favorites here. He can give information concerning most of the churches, the catacomb etc. etc. & is very intelligent. He furnishes the English & americans here with books, engravings etc. & is also a publisher & stationer. Now here is Mrs. Marquand, so good bye for to night. I expect some pleasure in visiting the Capitol again. I went to see Mrs. Corning last night & enjoyed myself very much. She lent me Harper for the October of 1855 old thing! How pleasant it was.—

Wednesday
20th.

We went yesterday to the temple of Vesta, and afterwards to the Bocca della Verita. The temple of Vesta, my pet ruin, a beautiful little structure on one side of the Coliseum, looks beautifully from outside, but on entering you see nothing but a dark & shockingly dirty little place, in which an altar has been placed. The Bocca della Verità is a small church in front of which is a long and narrow covered kind of portico, at one end of which is a huge iron mask, with a wide mouth. This mask is called truth. Whenever any Roman was desired to affirm the truth of any statement, he always placed his finger's in the mask's mouth. If he told the truth, he removed his hand in safety, if not, he was always bitten. Thence the appellation of Bocca della Verita Turn to page

130 for my journal is now so nearly filled up that I cannot afford to write much more.

We have not yet decided where to go to-day, though I suppose our time will be principally devoted to ruins. We have seen many of them, but there are many that we have not seen at all, & some among the number that we have seen that we have not seen PROPERLY WITH SUFFICIENT EXAMINATION, without giving us time to feel their greatness, and to REFLECT UPON THEM. Here finishes my second journal. Two books. Mercy upon us. O dear.

Saturday
23rd.

FINIS.

THE LAST DAY OF WINTER!!!

GRAND CONCERT¹
125. Second St.

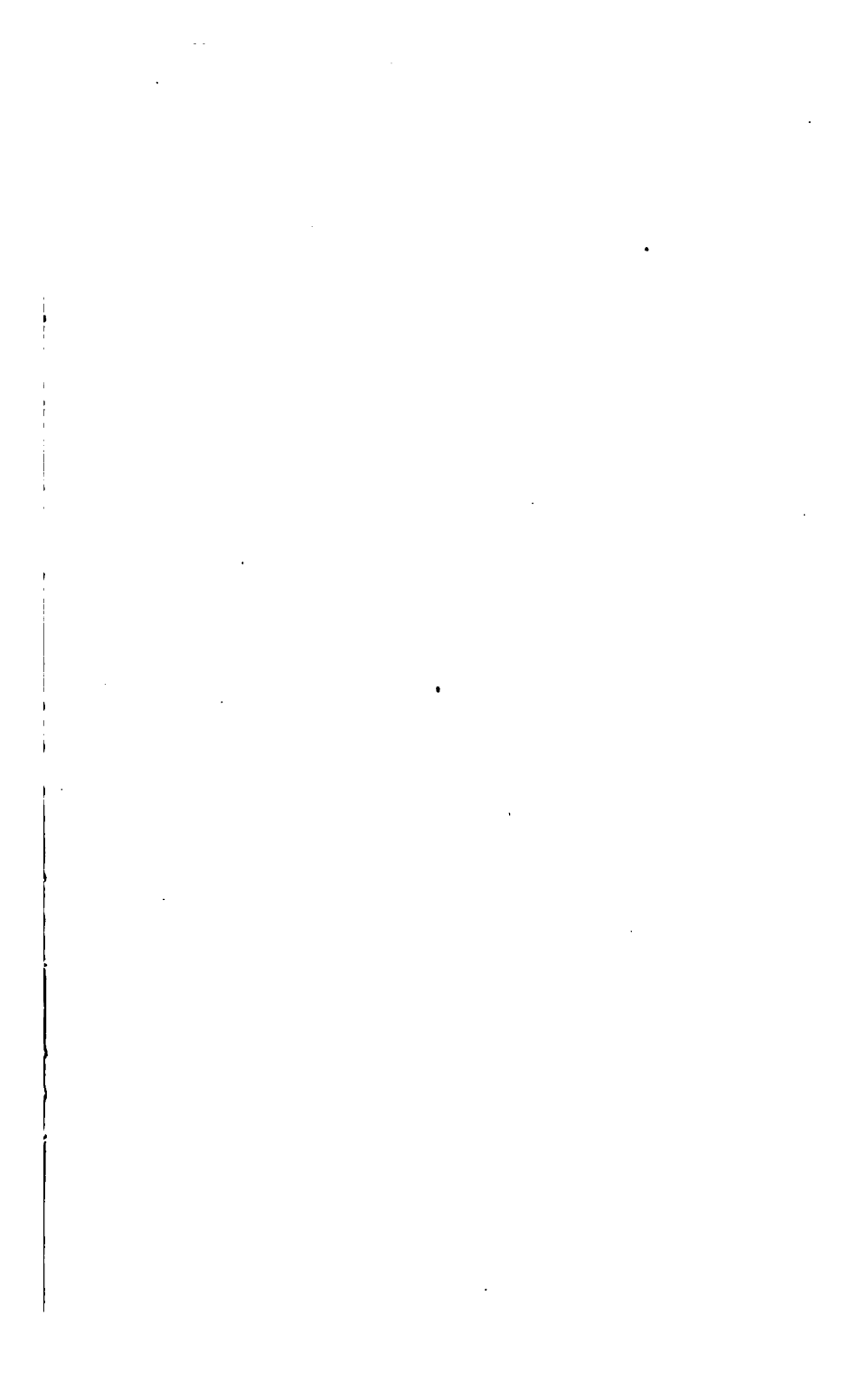
PROGRAMME.

CIRCUS AIR. *Two pans.*
RORY O'MORE. *Three pans.*
YANKEE DOODLE. *Two pans.*
HUCKLEBERRY WALTZ. *Three*
POLKA MAZOURKA FULIBAUD

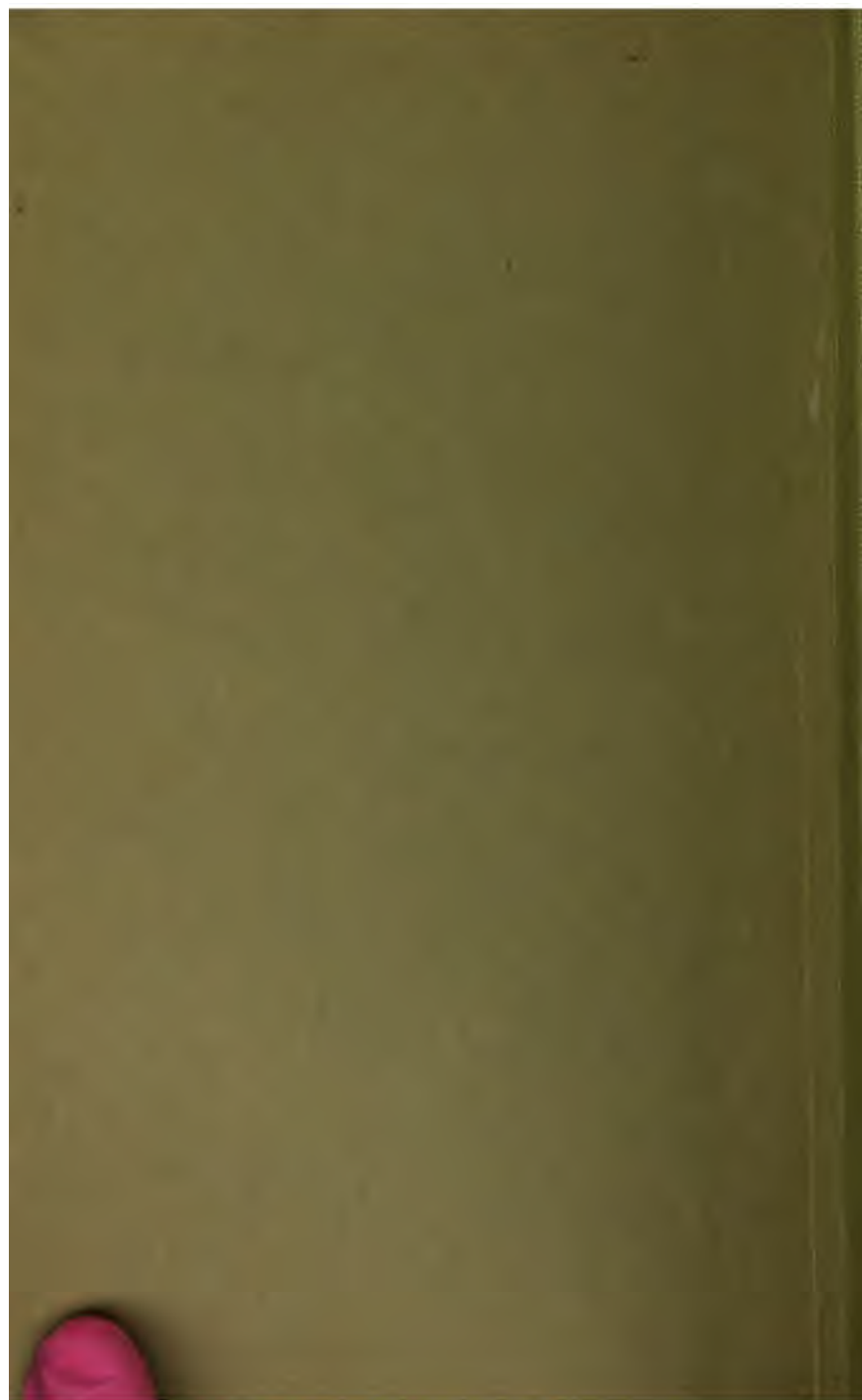
EVERYTHING TO ACCOMMODATE THE AUDIENCE.
2 LAMPS. 9 O'CLOCK PRECISELY.

¹ Programme of a concert she gave at her grandmother
Young's house in Troy, New York.





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